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EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE PENNY

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MUSWELL HILL MURDER.

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THE MUSWELL HILL MURDER

THE DRAMATIC SLAYING OF A MISER.

"Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds."
—JOHN WEBSTER, "The White Devil."

PART I.

NO crime for many years had so startled and disturbed the people of London as that which came to light on the morning of February 14, 1896. The metropolis had just recovered from the fierce excitement of the Jameson Raid into the Transvaal when the news of the murder, with all its wealth of sensational detail, burst upon it. Mr. Henry Smith, a kind-hearted old gentleman, nearing eighty years of age, was found dead in the kitchen of his house at Muswell Hill. He was bound and gagged, and on his head were a number of ghastly wounds.

The murder had evidently been committed by burglars, but so far as anyone knew there was no clue to the fiendish perpetrators, and ere the crime was a few days old Londoners commenced to relegate it to the already long list of unsolved metropolitan murder mysteries.

But for once in a way the "man in the street" was wrong, and if the murder was sensational still more extraordinary was the tracking down, the trial, and execution of the two burglars who had killed poor old Mr. Smith. From very slender material the detectives who took up the inquiry manufactured the rope which hanged the murderers—Henry Fowler and Albert Milsom.

Many weeks elapsed between the murder and the arrest of these two men; the police-court investigation produced several startling incidents, whilst during the last hour of the trial at the Old Bailey a scene without parallel in the history of the historic court-house was enacted in the dock.

We must not, however, anticipate.

Old Mr. Smith, who had been a widower since the year 1872, lived alone in Muswell Lodge, a picturesque, comfortable house, standing in its own grounds in Tetherdown, a portion of Muswell Hill. The front of the house faced a main road, whilst the back overlooked Coldfall Wood, and the country beyond.

Here he led a peaceful, gentle life. Two things he loved—his garden and children. By the tiny pets of the neighbourhood the good old soul was well known, and with them he was very popular. His house was nearly surrounded by greenhouses, which were always aglow with wonderful displays of flowers in full bloom. But there was also a grape vine which required his constant attention, and so Mr. Smith divided his time between the children, the flowers, and the vine.

Simple in his tastes, a trifle eccentric in his habits, Mr. Smith was able to get along nicely without the help of servants, with the exception of a gardener named Webber, who assisted him in the care of the flowers. Webber, however, did not live on the premises, so that after he left each evening the old man was alone in the house.

It was his habit to retire to bed at about eight o'clock and to rise between three and four in the morning, at which time he lit the kitchen fire and prepared his own simple breakfast.

For all his seventy-nine years he was a fairly powerful man, tall and well built, his healthy life had withstood attacks of old age, and he was as sprightly as many a man thirty years his junior. And he was as plucky as he was old, for although burglars had made several attacks upon his dwelling, he made light of the affair and steadfastly declined to let anyone keep him company at nights. To give him warning of the approach of burglars, he had several spring guns cunningly placed across the paths in his garden. These and electric bells at the windows were his only precautions.

On the fatal night the gun did not explode, but the bell rang.

How matters of this sort become public property it is quite impossible to say, but it was well known and generally believed in the neighbourhood that Mr. Smith kept a large sum of money in the house.

Of course this is one of the tit-bits of information which burglars and their "noses" (the men who "spot" likely "cribs") are ever on the alert to hear, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Smith's house was the object of much attention from "knights of the jemmy."

As darkness set in on the evening of February 13, Charles J. Webber, Mr. Smith's gardener, went his usual round of the premises. There was about an acre of ground at the back of the house facing Tetherdown Lane, and backing on to the wood, and in different parts of this space Webber set the spring-guns which Mr. Smith had himself devised. These "guns," it may here be explained, consisted of a slender wire, supported on uprights, and so arranged that when interfered with the wire released a weight. The latter would then fall upon a cartridge and explode it.

Anyone knowing the position of the "guns" could easily avoid giving an alarm by stepping over them or by detaching the weight.

Of course, these details of Mr. Smith's life and surroundings would be the first information gleaned by any expert burglars who had cast nefarious eyes upon the premises.

Webber saw that all was right, and went away, to return, however, half an hour before midnight, in order to attend to the conservatory fires. The gardener entered the grounds, and, having accomplished his task, set off for home, nothing having occurred to attract his attention. In all probability even then the murderers were lying in hiding, waiting for an opportunity to enter the house. Only an hour before this a nurseryman, named

Stanbrook, living in Tetherdown Lane, walked down to his front garden gate to slip on the chain for the night. Looking into the road, he saw a man standing oppo-

Webber set the spring guns.

site Mr. Smith's house. The sound of Stanbrook's footsteps attracted the man, who at once made off, thus arousing the nurseryman's suspicions. Stanbrook thereupon walked over to Smith's gate to see if it had been tampered with, but could see nothing wrong, and then went on in the direction of the stranger. The latter, however, had disappeared, and Stanbrook dismissed the incident from his mind. But it returned to him with stunning force next day.

And now we must pass on to the following morning. It was a cold, dreary day. A heavy mist hung over the northern heights, water dripped from the bare trees, and an air of damp depression hung over everything.

The light of day was feebly struggling through the fog when Webber set out for Muswell Lodge to commence his day's work. No thought of the horror awaiting him at the Lodge entered his brain. Instead, he looked around at the leaden sky, and wondered how his outdoor plants would fare under such adverse conditions. At a quarter to seven he reached the Lodge, and found the front gate locked. This was an unusual circumstance, for Mr. Smith was generally up before Webber arrived, and, with very rare exceptions, was in the habit of unfastening the gate himself. Webber, who had a duplicate key, let himself in, and then went to the front door to see if Mr. Smith had thrown the house keys out of the window for the gardener to pick up, as he sometimes did when not well enough to come down. No keys were to be found, however, and Webber at once set to work upon the knocker. There was no reply to his first summons. Again and yet again he knocked, the sound rolling through the house and echoing back to him. Still his summons remained unanswered. Even now Webber had no thought that anything was wrong, and he walked round to the back of the house.

There he saw something which made his pulse quicken. The shrub pots had been removed from the sill of the kitchen window, and marks on the framework seemed to indicate that the window had been forced open, and subsequently closed. The startled man gave a quick glance round, and his eyes rested upon one of the "spring guns."

The wire had been removed from its supports, and the "gun" put out of action.

Feeling convinced now that something terrible had occurred, Webber approached the window, and peered in.

In the dim light he could see "a mass of something" lying on the floor.

Webber immediately sent for Mr. Stanbrook and another neighbour. Stanbrook looked through the window, and the suspicion which Webber already entertained was put into words by the nurseryman, who, in horror-stricken tones, exclaimed: "Good God! it's the old man!"

The second neighbour, a Major Challen, had now arrived, and all three went into the house together, entering through the side-door, which they discovered was unlocked.

Could see a mass of something.

Proceeding straight to the kitchen, their fears that a foul and bloody murder had been committed were only too fully confirmed.

Poor old Mr. Smith lay in a heap on the floor, cold in the clutch of death.

At the first glance—on occasions such as these trifles impress one most—the three men noticed that Mr. Smith was dressed only in his nightshirt, that his head and the upper part of his body were wrapped in a red cloth, that one foot was bare and that upon the other was a stocking.

Mr. Challen touched the old man, to ascertain if there was any sign of life, and then quickly undid the wrapping, which proved to be the kitchen tablecloth. Then it was seen that the old man's head was tied up in a towel. When this was removed, a duster was found tied round the neck whilst deceased's mouth was seen to be stuffed full of old rags. His hands also were bound to his sides, whilst a towel was wound round his ankles.

Taking a keen interest in the proceedings.

But worse than all were the awful wounds in the head.

Mr. Smith had been beaten to death with almost incredible ferocity. There were twelve contused wounds on the left side of the head, two much more severe at the back, his face and hands were lacerated, and one of his fingers was broken. Literally his head had been battered in. It was evident that he had made a splendid fight for life.

All around were signs of the terrible struggle which had taken place. Here and there were splashes of blood, whilst from the fact that there was some blood on the dead man's feet, it was surmised that he had only been overcome after a long battle.

The doctor and police only needed one glance to enable them to say that they had been inflicted with a jemmy. They almost took the shape of the instrument, and the blows must have been given with awful force, for in two places the skull had been crushed like an egg-shell.

Beaten into insensibility, the old man had been securely tied up, and had breathed his last whilst his murderers ransacked the house.

Mr. Smith.

News of the tragedy was quickly conveyed to the police, and the officers first on the spot made a hurried survey of the premises. It was soon known that two burglars had been concerned in the affair, for in the garden were found the footprints of two men, who had walked over the flower-beds and passed out of a gate opening into Coldfall Wood. An examination of the windows showed with what determination the burglars had carried out their operations. At the drawing-room window were jemmy marks, which showed that they had made an attempt to enter there; similar traces were found at the pantry window, which also had withstood the "stick." The kitchen window, unfortunately, yielded to the attack.

In the kitchen the police found a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, and a tobacco box, as well as a number of tools. These latter, however, belonged to the dead man.

And although the police did not know it at the time, when they picked up the lantern they picked up the only clue to the murderers—the clue which sent them to the scaffold in grim old Newgate.

Except for the kitchen the rooms in the lower part of the house were in their normal condition. Nothing apparently had been disturbed, neither had anything been taken. As a matter of fact, in a basket in the pantry a quantity of jewellery which had been overlooked by the murderers was found.

Webber.

Upstairs, however, the dead man's room was in confusion. It had evidently been thoroughly ransacked. The safe was open—the key being in the lock—the drawer pulled out, and the contents strewn on the floor. Of money and valuables there was no trace. The bed had been pulled to pieces and thoroughly searched, and it was quite evident that in their hunt for the money the burglars had taken their time, knowing there was no one to disturb them.

When all these circumstances were known it was possible to "reconstruct the crime." The police theory was that hearing a noise in the kitchen Mr. Smith, leaving his bed, went to see what was the matter, was set upon as he

opened the kitchen door, and beaten into insensibility. Thereafter he was gagged and bound, and the burglars probably finding the key of the safe under the pillow of the old man's bed were able to help themselves to the money contained in the safe and decamp at their leisure.

With the inquest, at which a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned, the affair ended for the time being. Occasionally it was reported that the police were hoping to make an arrest, but nothing definite transpired until nearly seven weeks had elapsed, and then it became known that the police were hot upon the track of the murderers. This had been said so many times, however, that no one placed much faith in the statement.

Those who heard the rumour, however, little knew that one of the finest bits of detective work, and one of the greatest man hunts on record was about to be crowned with success. They did not know that three detectives (Inspectors Marshall and Nutkins and P.C. Burrell) were searching all over the country for the two men whom they were morally certain were the murderers of Mr. Smith, and whose names and faces were well known to the officers.

Such, however, was the case.

As soon as possible the police "looked up" as many old burglars as they knew were at liberty and investigated their movements on the night of the murder. Nothing came of these inquiries, however, but as a number of ticket-of-leave men could not be found at the moment every detective in London had instructions to keep his eyes and ears open.

One of the officers most interested was Detective Burrell, who at that time was doing duty in Kentish Town. During January and the early part of February he had been keeping a fairly close watch upon two well-known criminals—Henry Fowler and Albert Milsom. He saw them a few days before the murder of Mr. Smith, and again a few days afterwards. Then they disappeared, and Burrell was anxious to know the reason for their absence.

At the time, however, the men were not connected with the Muswell Hill murder, but that came about in an extraordinary, almost romantic, manner.

It had become known that amongst the property missing from the dead man's safe was a £10 note, the number of which came into the possession of the police. Naturally notice was at once given to the authorities at the Bank of England, for it was certain that if the note could be traced the murderers would be brought to justice. Towards the end of March the note turned up at the Bank in the usual course of business, and the detectives conducting the case were immediately apprised of the fact. At once they commenced to trace the note back as far as they could. As it turned out, this was an easier matter than had been anticipated. The Bank of England had received it from a City bank, into which it had been paid by a firm of tea merchants. The latter had ob-

FOUGHT IN GRIM SILENCE.

tained it from a grocer in the East End, who, in turn, had taken it in payment for goods from a publican. So far the police had had little trouble in following the note's adventures, and on interviewing the publican, a few adroit questions brought them all the information they wished to know. "Mine host" was able to furnish a fairly detailed description of the man who cashed the note with him. In the minds of the detectives were, so to speak, the photographs of half a dozen desperate burglars, all of whom were then at large, and none of whom they could trace. One of these six was supposed to be the man who, whilst in a burgling fray, murdered a lady at Blackheath. The police, however, could never bring the case against him, but it is satisfactory to know that the ruffian is now serving a life sentence. The publican's description fitted in with that of one of the half a dozen suspects, and this was the man to whom the detectives turned their attention.

Mr. Stanbrook.

Strangely enough, it was one of the two men whom Burrell had been watching, and that smart young officer was entrusted with the very important task of tracing him.

Then commenced one of the cleverest bits of detective work which has ever been recorded, and the two Inspectors, Marshall and Nutkins, as well as Burrell, deserved all the praise which was showered upon them when their efforts resulted successfully. In this the lantern and the tobacco box played prominent parts. There was nothing distinctive about the box, it was the ordinary tin in which a well-known brand of the weed is sold, but there were several extraordinary things about the lantern. It contained green and red glass slides, the former cracked, a piece of brass was fitted over the burner to prevent an explosion, the wick was composed of a piece of flannelette, with an unmistakable pattern, whilst the "bull's eye" had been "sand-papered" in order to remove some paint which had stained it.

This was really the only article which would connect the murderers with the crime, and as a consequence full use was made of it. Fowler was the man suspected, but for the time being his London home could not be located. That of his accomplice, Milsom, however, was well known. He lived with his wife and child and other relatives (including his wife's brother) in a little street in Kentish Town, and in that street a day or so after the ten-pound note appeared at the bank a man with the appearance of a labourer and a little boy came to live. The man seemed to have nothing to do but to lounge about all day. The little boy spent all his time at marbles and tops. He made friends with the other lads in the street, and soon was on good terms with Milsom's brother-in-law. By-and-by, when they were tired of marbles and tops, other games were proposed, and the new lad offered to "swap" some of his playthings for those of his companions. In particular he was anxious to get rid of a bull's-eye lantern which he was tired of. Milsom's brother-in-law, a smart little lad, was rather partial to lanterns, it seems, and asked to be shown the one under discussion. "Why, it's mine!" exclaimed Milsom's relative when it was produced, and the boy at once proceeded to point out the peculiarities by which he recognised the lantern.

Curiously enough the labouring man had now appeared on the scene and was taking a keen interest in the proceedings, and when he had heard enough he took an even keener interest in the boy who had recognised the lantern. The end of the matter was that within a few minutes Milsom's brother-in-law was under the protection of the police, whilst the street in Kentish Town no more knew the labouring man (at least in that guise) and his little boy.

Now the police were red-hot on the trail of the two murderers. Photos of the "wanted" men were circulated broadcast over the country, every detective in London was on the look-out for them, whilst all the known haunts of criminals were carefully searched. It was the post-mark on a letter, however, which started the officers on the chase for the fugitives, and once the sleuth hounds had got upon the track of the murderers they never rested until they had placed them safely under lock and key. Knowing the desperate ruffians they had to deal with, Marshall, Nutkins, and Burrell started in pursuit armed with very serviceable revolvers, and well indeed for the police was it that they took this precaution.

It was a chase that led over half the country. First the detectives went to Liverpool, but the birds had flown, and it was some time before the scent was again picked up. It was discovered in the Lancashire port that the men had been spending money very freely and that they were evidently well supplied with funds. From thence to Manchester, and then the chase led to Cardiff, then to other places in South Wales, afterwards to Newport, Bristol and Southport. The detectives, however, were several weeks behind their quarry, for when they got to Birmingham they discovered that the men had separated, Fowler having taken train to Bristol, and Milsom having returned to London. His stay in the metropolis was but a short one, and he never went near his house. His wife, however, joined him, and the pair, together with their two innocent little children, travelled by the Great Western to Bristol, where they met Fowler. For a few days now all trace of them was lost, but on April 4 it was discovered that they had been at Swindon, where with incomparable effrontery they had joined some travelling show people and assisted in the enterprise.

After this discovery, it was not such a difficult matter to follow the fugitives. It was evident from their rapid movements that they had an idea the police were on their tracks. They spent part of a night in Chippenham, but the police were now at their heels, and the end of a long chase was in sight.

Major Challen.

The showman and his party, which included Milsom and Fowler (whom the showman knew as "Scott" and "Taylor") travelled by road to Bath, but the detectives followed them, and, on a red-hot scent, they arrived in Monmouth Street, Bath, towards dusk on Sunday, April 12.

A close watch was kept upon a house and shop, where the showman and the people wanted were staying. The Bath police rendered their comrades every assistance, and soon a strong force of officers were on duty in the imme-

diate vicinity. But as the fugitives were out walking or drinking somewhere, and it was desired to catch them in the house, where they would have little chance of escape, the policemen effaced themselves until the women arrived, when their services would be needed. It was a long, anxious wait, but soon after the public-houses had closed a group of people turned the corner of the street and entered the house. Burrell immediately recognised Milsom and Fowler. The signal for action was now given. With a rush, the detectives, accompanied by a Bath officer, dashed into the house and up the stairs, whilst policemen surrounded the premises, and left no way of escape unclothing, but Fowler was in no mood to give in, and fought with determination to free himself. He made the most determined efforts to again reach the couch, but Marshall, suspecting that a weapon was near at hand, was equally determined that he should not. Nutkins presented his revolver, but it had no effect upon the burglar, who, in grim silence, fought with the policemen who by now quite surrounded him. Marshall gave him a couple of raps on his head with the butt-end of his revolver, but Fowler only redoubled his efforts to break away from his captors. It was, however, a hopeless fight, and in a few minutes more, panting and almost exhausted,

WITH A PAIR OF STEEL HANDCUFFS ON HIS WRISTS.

barred. Sergeant Smith, of the Bath police, was the first man to enter the room where the fugitives were. Inspector Nutkins was close to him, and, drawing his revolver, commanded "Hands up!" As he did so, his disengaged hand seized hold of Milsom, who was quickly in the grasp of another officer. Milsom surrendered without a murmur, and he and his wife and baby were quickly marched off to the local police-station. Inspector Marshall, an officer of medium height, spare and wiry, and with the pluck of a lion, was meanwhile having a fearful struggle with Fowler, a powerful man, with muscles of steel.

Fowler, when the police burst into the room, was half-reclining upon a couch, from which he jumped immediately. Marshall sprang at him, and got a grip of his and bleeding from a couple of wounds on the head, Fowler was a prisoner, with a strong pair of steel handcuffs upon his wrists.

As soon as he was in safe custody, Marshall inspected the couch, and there found a formidable and fully-loaded revolver. The prisoner was at once conveyed to the local infirmary, and after being detained there for three hours, he was taken to the police station, where both he and Milsom were charged with the murder of old Mr. Smith.

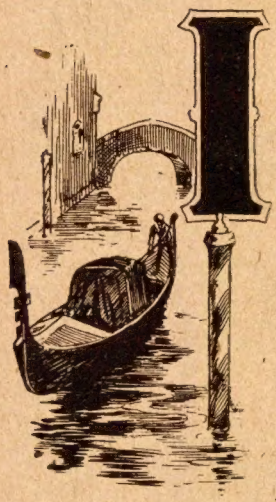
TO BE CONTINUED

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF CASANOVA.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE INQUISITION.

"It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor
There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled
Till spite of them I reach the world!"
—ROBERT BROWNING, "The Confessional."

PART I.



IN this country there have been many marvellous escapes from prison, not only in the days when the "Stone Jug" (Newgate) was as strong as it was just before being demolished a few months ago, but in well-nigh every gaol in the kingdom the ingenuity and determination of man have overcome the surveillance of his warders and the walls and bars of his dungeon. We have but to call attention to that slippery eel, Jack Sheppard, and to his modern Irish successor, Lynchehaun, to prove how with patience, courage, indomitable pluck, strong nerve, and physical strength combined (with a dash of cunning thrown in), it has been possible for a man to gain that most cherished of all inheritances, liberty—no matter how guarded or how strongly incarcerated.

Nine times out of ten, however, if the truth were known, these marvellous escapes of which we read have been effected either by the assistance of a second party inside the prison, or through the instrumentality of friends outside. In a word, it is a matter of the gaol door being opened with a golden key, or love and affection on the part of the prisoner's relatives or friends have pronounced the words "Open Sesame."

Of course there are many instances we could cite in which the prisoner has gained his liberty unassisted; but, again, nine times out of ten the opportunity has been afforded by some carelessness or negligence on the part of the prison officials. In looking up the numerous escapes from prison in this and other countries, we find few, if any, that will compare with that of the Italian Casanova, who made his escape successfully and miraculously from the dreaded Inquisition in Venice about the middle of the eighteenth century. We say successfully, because he got clear away from the jurisdiction of the Inquisitors, and miraculously for the reason that the incidents connected with that perilous bid for liberty would suggest the direct assistance of Providence, who lent a hand to this extraordinary man throughout the whole of his romantic career. In a word, Casanova was born under a lucky star, and anybody reading the ten big volumes of his "Memoirs," written by himself in French, would never declare that there was "no such thing as luck."

The account of this remarkable escape which we shall presently relate is taken from these "Memoirs," and is undoubtedly true in every detail, for throughout the whole, or nearly the whole, of Casanova's efforts to regain his liberty, there were witnesses to his action and the carrying out of his devices—one of them, indeed, sharing the terrors of the escape. Therefore we may safely take all that the Italian has written in his biography as absolutely unexaggerated truth. Although thrilling in itself, the story is so embellished with views on the comic side, that we wonder that long ere this it has not been dramatised.

But of that our readers shall judge as we pursue our narrative (naturally considerably compressed on account of the limited space at our disposal) of one of the most exciting episodes in this man's extraordinary and chequered career. In the meanwhile, it will be as well to introduce this Casanova, so that our readers may know what sort of an individual, socially and morally, they have for their hero.

In the first place, let us warn you that this man was one of the most unmitigated scoundrels that ever escaped punishment, and was capable of anything short of murder. Yet he was one of those individuals who are irresistibly fascinating, and everybody liked him, whilst many adored him. He had a magnetic charm of manner, and was born to conquer the affections of both sexes. So, although we are about to paint his career in black outline, we are certain that you, like all his friends and acquaintances of the time, will finish up, after having perused the story of his escape, with a great liking for the impostor, and will applaud him to the echo as the curtain falls upon your hero at the end of this, the most conspicuous act of his life.

Jean Jacques Casanova de Seingalt was born in Venice in 1725, and was the son of Gaetan Casanova, an actor, who had married Zanetta Farusi, the daughter of a Venetian cobbler, a young and beautiful girl. As young Jean grew up, his mother, a woman of sense, had her son well educated, and, being a lad of extraordinary intelligence and precocity, he made remarkable progress. Before he was sixteen years of age he was sent to Padua, where he astonished his masters by passing his examination in law, and went thence to a seminary in order to study to prepare for priesthood. Cardinal Acquaviva took a fancy to him, and gave him an appointment in his household, where he remained for a considerable time, just long enough to bring out a little of his natural proclivities. A little affair (the details of which we need not go into) with the daughter of his French master compelled him to leave Rome. Thrown upon his own resources, Casanova commenced that career of living on his wits—a career which he followed throughout the remainder of his life.

It is not our intention to describe the extraordinary life he led. Suffice it to state that, finding the priest's costume did not suit his appearance better than the calling did his character, he renounced the Church, and bought himself an ensign's commission in the army. He visited Constantinople, and there met Achmet Pasha, General of Artillery of the Ottoman Empire, another adventurer with an extraordinary record, and no doubt Casanova took a leaf or two out of his book.

Our hero then went to Corfu, where he gambled and lost all his belongings at faro. Giving up soldiering, he came back to Venice, posed as a professional gambler, and went into the dangerous practices of astrology, for the "black arts" in the Republic of Venice by the practice of magic were punishable by torture and death by the Inquisition, and many a quack who played the game less hazardously than Casanova went across the Bridge of Sighs and was seen no more.

As might be expected, he was soon found out, and had the "archers" (kind of policemen attached to the Inquisition) after him. He was too wary and nimble, however, to be caught, and fled to Paris. His principal occupation there was making dupes, which he accomplished most successfully. Ever fearless of consequences, he came back to Venice, and, smart and guarded as he was usually, had inadvertently brought with his personal belongings a few books on magic. He was betrayed by one of the spies belonging to the Inquisition, and arrested. His escape from captivity is to form the subject of our story. Before relating it, however, we think it will be better to finish sketching Casanova's career, so that our readers may know exactly how to weigh and measure the man as he makes his bold and successful bid for liberty.

After his escape, he again made his way to Paris. By his wit, audacity—we might say phenomenal impudence, comparable only with that of the notorious Madame Humbert—Casanova got into the highest circles of the French capital, and if he was not brought into personal contact with the king, it is certain that he was patronised by and apparently a great favourite of the Marquise de Pompadour.

But the flighty Italian could never rest in one place for long, possibly because he made it too "warm" for himself. We can now follow him successively to Switzerland, to Rome, Naples, again to Paris, and to London, where the French Ambassador presented him to George I. Again to Paris, then to Berlin, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Madrid, and elsewhere, every city he visited affording sufficient entertaining material to make a volume of romance.

Let us here quote from one of his biographers, which will sum up our hero, not in the least cruelly, but most truthfully:

"This Casanova was pleasure-loving, idle, debauched—too lazy to work for his sustenance; he gambled and

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. BRISTOW had screwed her courage up as best she could, but now that the time had arrived for her to leave her home she felt a pang shoot through her heart.

She pictured to herself her husband's return home after his debauch, his awakening in the morning, and his bitter remorse. Dissolute, debased, and worthless fellow as he was, his ill-used and miserable wife had some compassion left for him, some latent love of which she found it difficult to dispossess herself.

This is almost invariably the case with ruffians of this class. We are furnished with numberless instances of this in the reports of assaults upon women heard in our public police-courts.

The injured woman almost always finds some excuse for her brutal husband, and it is likely enough that Mrs. Bristow would never have left her home, however badly she had been treated, had it not been through the instigation and by the advice of her friend Bessie Dalton.

Mrs. Bristow had seated herself in front of a little table—pens, ink, and paper were before her, the last-named being already blotted by her tears.

"What shall I say to him, Bessie?" inquired the wife of her friend.

"How should I know? If it were my case I would not trouble myself to write. Wish him good-bye and say you are going abroad, that's the best thing to do."

"Abroad?"

"Certainly. Don't let him imagine you are going to remain in this country; say you are going abroad to seek your fortune in a strange land, that's the way to put it."

"He won't believe it."

"It doesn't matter what he believes—only don't give him an idea that it is any use his endeavouring to find you out."

"I wish you would dictate the letter."

"Very well. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then go on."

"DEAR JOHN,—I write these few lines to tell you that I find it impossible to remain under the same roof with one who has treated me with such unkindness and cruelty. My cup of sorrow is full to the brim. If I remain here I feel convinced that I shall meet with my death at your hands. For both our sakes it is therefore better that we should part. Never expect to see me again in this world. I leave England to-morrow; you will do much better without me. I do hope and trust you will see the error of your ways, and lead a better life.—Your miserable wife, "MARIA BRISTOW."

"That will do; won't it?" said the girl.

"Oh, dear, yes. My head is in such a whirl that I find it impossible to collect my thoughts. That will do very well, I think," returned Mrs. Bristow.

She folded up the letter, put it in an envelope, addressed it, and placed it on the shelf where her husband could not fail to see it.

This done, she felt greatly relieved.

"Now let us away at once!" cried the girl. "Give me the bag."

"But where are we going to?"

"To Stanningley. An aunt of mine lives there, a dear old soul. We can remain with her as long as we like, but there's no occasion for us to stop unless we choose."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, it must be over five miles, but we must have a fly."

"And the money?"

"I've got enough for our immediate wants."

The girl had not spent the last sum Peace had sent her, in addition to which she had some of her own little savings.

A fly was procured. As they were about to step into this the gentleman they had met at the concert, at which Charles Peace appeared, now accosted them.

"Well, ladies, whither away in this hurry?" said he, in a tone of surprise.

Bessie put her companion into the fly, then she hurried towards her male friend.

"Ah! Mr. Chipp," she ejaculated, "how glad I am we have met with you! Something has occurred—something terrible," as she nodded towards the passenger in the vehicle.

She proceeded to give a rapid account of the assault upon Mrs. Bristow, and wound up by informing her friend that his wife had left him for good and for all.

"It's not to be wondered at," said Mr. Chipp. "The only surprise to me is, and has always been, that she consented to live with the brute for so long a time."

"I want to see you, sir, about a little matter of business. I want your advice, but have not time to explain matters now."

"Very well; I shall be much pleased to see you to-morrow, if that will suit you; if not, on the following day. You know the hotel I'm stopping at?"

"Yes. If I can manage to see you to-morrow, I will most certainly do so, or the day after."

"Very good—I am at your service."

He now drew close to the vehicle, and shook its inmate warmly by the hand.

Mrs. Bristow had taken the precaution to wear a thick veil, which she wore down, so that the injuries done to her face were not discernible.

"I am pleased to have met you," observed Mr. Chipp; "and, believe me, I hope and trust a more happy future is in store for you."

He raised his hat to both females, and went on his course.

Bessie Dalton jumped into the fly, and the driver pushed forward in the direction of Stanningley.

Bessie chatted merrily during the greater part of the journey, but her companion remained sad and thoughtful.

Upon the travellers arriving at their destination, Bessie conducted her companion to a small, mean-looking cottage, in the rear of which was a large and well-cultivated garden.

The place was primitive enough in appearance.

Bessie Dalton unfastened the front door, which was opened with a small latch, and entered the parlour.

An exclamation of surprise, which was not unmixed with pleasure, proceeded from its solitary occupant.

"Why, Bessie, lass, whoever thought of seeing you?" cried a well-known voice.

"My dear aunt," said Bessie in reply, "I have brought with me a very near and dear friend of mine, Mrs. Bristow, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"You are welcome," observed the old lady, addressing herself to her visitor. "I am much pleased to make your acquaintance. My niece has made me familiar with your name. Sit down." The speaker handed a chair as she made this last observation.

The three women were very soon on the best of terms, and an animated conversation was kept up for the best part of the evening. A frugal supper was served by the hostess, and Bessie Dalton and Mrs. Bristow shared the only spare bed in the establishment.

They had, however, but a short period of rest that night, both being in too great a state of excitement to make sure of unbroken slumber.

They rose early, and having dressed, bethought them of what to do.

"I've thought over and over again the best course for you to adopt," said Bessie, who had already been tacitly acknowledged to be commander-in-chief; "and the more I consider, the more I feel convinced that my first idea is the best."

"And what might that be?" inquired her companion.

"You will become a fine lady—that's what you are destined to be."

Mrs. Bristow laughed at the naive manner of the speaker.

"Ah, you may laugh; but I tell you that's what will happen. I've laid it all down as nicely as possible. Listen. There is no place in England, so I've been told, equal to London for concealment. You must take up your abode there, change your name, and no one will suspect that you are the wife of a poor mechanic."

"Change my name?"

"Most certainly you must do that. Pass yourself off as a widow."

"I should never have the courage to do that."

"You must; don't tell me you haven't courage. What matters—who's to know? You have money, and to the possessor of money everybody pays homage. We all know that."

"You certainly are a most extraordinary girl," observed Mrs. Bristow, in a reflective manner. "What in the name of goodness could have put such thoughts into your head?"

"Common sense; that's all, my dear. I am only using common sense in a matter which, to say the truth, requires a considerable amount of that useful commodity. To remain here, or anywhere else in this county, would be the worst of folly. Change your name, take quiet, respectable apartments at the West End of London, and make your life as happy as possible. You have suffered enough, and deserve to taste a little of the sweets of life. Do you see that?"

"Ah, I acknowledge the truth of your observations."

"Very good. And now, first of all, let us make an examination of the little store. Lock the door, dear. We don't want anybody prying into our secret—not even my aunt. In a case like this it's best to keep one's own counsel."

Mrs. Bristow rose suddenly from her seat, and crept softly towards the door, which she locked.

"Now for it," said Bessie. "Now for the notes."

She drew them forth, and placed them on the dressing-table.

The first upon which her eye lighted was a note for the sum of one thousand pounds. This was followed by many more for a like sum. In addition to these there were many for one hundred, two hundred, as also others for smaller and larger sums.

Reckoning the whole of them up, they represented an amount exceeding fourteen thousand pounds.

The two women were astounded at the prodigious sum.

"What say you to that?" inquired Bessie.

"I feel like one who is walking on a precipice, and expects every minute to topple over. That's how I feel."

"You'll get used to it in time. Oh, you'll get used to it, believe me."

"But are the notes genuine?"

"I do not doubt it for a moment. You had now better take charge of your own property; sew them up in your stays. That will be the best plan till we see what can be done with them."

"But where can we get notes for so large an amount changed without exciting suspicion?"

"That will require a little thought. It won't do to be too hasty in a matter of this sort. If one note is good they are all right, depend upon that. I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"You've got one for fifty pounds?"

"Yes."

"I will ask Mr. Chipp to change it. He'll have no objection to oblige either of us."

"But he'll want to know where we got it from."

"I will tell him, my dear—a legacy, a legacy. Don't you see, it was bequeathed to you by a relative? I have promised to see him either to-day or to-morow. I will take this note with me."

"As you please. I leave it to you. Indeed, without you I know not how I should get on at all."

Having agreed upon this course of action, Bessie Dalton in the earlier portion of the day started off for the town of Bradford, leaving her friend in charge of her aunt.

The looking-glass in which the notes were found was originally in the possession of an old miser, named Nathan Schreiber.

He was a refiner, and dealt in metals of every description. In addition to this he was a usurer.

Living in an old, dilapidated house in one of the back streets of his native town, he contrived to drive a prosperous trade; but throughout his whole life declared he was miserably poor.

He was plagued by a number of poor relations, some of whom, it is believed, robbed him. Anyway, in the last closing years of his life, he was under the impression that his rapacious relatives would send him out of the world before his time.

This thought haunted him by day and by night.

He was eccentric to the last degree. He grew old and feeble, and prior to his last illness he unfastened the back of his looking-glass and laid the notes carefully on the silvering at the back of the plate.

This done, he replaced the backboard in its original position, and felt a grim satisfaction at glancing at the glass on the table by the side of his bed, upon which he shortly breathed his last.

As a matter of course, after his decease the house was pretty well filled with his relatives.

A search was made for a will; none could be found. The effects he left behind, however, realised a considerable sum.

The distribution of this was the occasion of a wrangle, and the acrimonious feeling evinced by some of his heirs was in no way creditable to them. The property left by old Schreiber was sold by public auction.

A tradesman in the town bought several articles of household furniture. Among them was the looking-glass containing the notes. The tradesman afterwards became bankrupt, his furniture was sold off, and a broker bought two lots, in one of which the glass was included.

Mrs. Bristow afterwards purchased it of the broker for the sum of fifteen shillings. The end of this we have already seen.*

When Bessie Dalton reached the hotel at Bradford, she inquired for Mr. Chipp, and was at once shown into a room where she found her friend seated.

She entered into a full description of the assault on Mrs. Bristow, and wound up by informing him that the latter had left him for good, but did not as yet know where she was to take up her quarters.

It would appear that Mr. Chipp had, for some reason which was best known to himself, been desirous of continuing the acquaintance of the two females he had met for the first time at the concert given for the benefit of the weaver's widow and children.

He had paid frequent visits to the house in which Bessie and her friend resided, and had at all times taken great interest in them; and, therefore, Bessie, who was the most self-possessed of the two, had no compunction in seeking his advice on the present occasion.

"She's had a legacy—a little money left her," said Bessie, "and my advice is that she sees no more of that wretch of a husband of hers, but go up to London at once, and see if she can get something to do."

"The best advice you can give her."

"And I've brought with me a fifty pound note, which we don't know where to get changed. Perhaps you can oblige us?"

She handed him the note—not, however, without some misgivings.

He looked carefully at it, and appeared perfectly satisfied.

"I have not so much money about me, but I can give you a cheque if that will do. You can get it changed before you return."

"Oh, thank you, sir. That would be indeed a favour."

"Not at all," said her companion carelessly. "Happy to have it in my power to oblige you."

He drew the cheque for the required sum, and handed it to the girl.

Then, with a smile, he said:

"Then, I suppose I am going to lose sight of you ladies."

"Oh, dear, I hope not, sir!"

"Umph! Do you not go with your friend?"

"I have not decided as yet. Poor thing! She is sadly borne down just now, and needs someone to be with her. I suppose I had better see her on her journey."

Mr. Chipp nodded assent to this proposition, and murmured: "Yes, it would be better for you to do so."

"You see, we are not at all busy at the factory," said

* The concealment of notes to a large amount between the plate and backboard of a looking-glass is true in substance and in fact. A case similar to the one described came under the writer's own knowledge. Many years ago, in Cheshire, a woman in a humble position of life accidentally broke a looking-glass which she had had in her possession for very many years. To her infinite surprise she discovered a number of bank-notes, concealed at its back. The case attracted considerable attention at the time, and she handed the property so found over to the stipendiary magistrates, who ultimately decided that the property so found was hers, and the notes were consequently returned to her. There are many persons now living who can attest to the truth of this statement, which proves the oft-repeated adage that "truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Bessie, "and I can be well spared for a short time at all events."

"It does not appear to me that they are busy anywhere," observed her companion. "I shall not remain much longer in this town, but return to London before next week is over. Have you heard or seen anything of the fiddler?"

He alluded to Peace, whom he had, since the night of the concert, invariably designated as the fiddler.

"I have not heard from him lately," answered Bessie carelessly.

The gentleman smiled, but made no further inquiries.

Bessie now took her departure, and bent her steps in the direction of the bank. Upon presenting the cheque, she elected to take the amount in gold.

She then returned to her aunt's residence, and made Mrs. Bristow acquainted with the successful nature of her expedition.

In a few days after this the two women started off for the metropolis.

"The perfidious, worthless, little hussy!" he ejaculated. "The ungrateful, deceitful minx, to serve me like this. Gone away, and not known where. Oh, she's made a bolt of it, that's quite certain. There's no dependence to be placed on women—they are all alike. Once out of your sight you stand but a poor chance. Still, hang it all, I never expected she would have served me like this."

He had a burning desire to know the reason for her leaving Bradford, and as the days passed over this feeling became intensified. He could not rest without making an effort to clear up the "mystery," as he termed it.

He took the train to Bradford, and hastened at once to his old quarters in that town.

Bristow was not at home. This he was glad of. He inquired for the landlord, who at once made his appearance.

"So Bessie Dalton's left, I hear?" said Peace, after the usual civilities had been exchanged.

"Yes, Mr. Peace, she's gone. So also has Mrs. Bristow, and I don't expect her husband will remain long. He'll have to 'bunk' if he goes on as he has been of late."

"Mrs. Bristow left!" ejaculated our hero. "Did she go with Bessie, then?"

"OH, YOU NASTY, BURGLARIOUS WRETCH!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Peace paid frequent visits to the post-office to inquire for letters; none, however, arrived. He could not in any way account for Bessie Dalton's silence. Had she turned against him? Or had her friend persuaded her to leave Bradford?

These were questions he was unable to answer.

Something had occurred—of that he felt certain. Perhaps Bristow had set the girl against him.

"But no," he ejaculated. "She's not such a fool as to listen to the counsels of that drunken brute."

He dispatched another epistle to her lodgings at Bradford.

In a day or two after this it was returned to the post-office at Sheffield.

On the envelope was marked, "Gone away. Not known where."

His worst fears were confirmed. He uttered anathemas loud and deep not only against Bessie Dalton, but the whole sex generally. He was wild with fury, and tore up the letter in a thousand pieces.

"Yes; they were sworn friends, you know, and when one left, why, I suppose the other did not care to be left behind."

"And pray can you tell me the reason of their leaving?"

The landlord entered into the particulars of the quarrel between husband and wife and the desperate assault made on the latter, and wound up by saying, "Everybody saw how it would end. She couldn't stand his cruelty any longer, and, therefore, left him. It's the wisest thing she ever did."

"And Bessie?"

"Oh! she went with her."

"Do you know where they've gone to?"

The man shook his head.

"Not I," said he. "It is not likely they would let anybody know that; but I've been told——"

"What?"

"That they are both gone abroad—to America or Australia—so I've been given to understand."

Peace was perfectly astounded.

"Gone abroad?" he iterated.

"Well, yes; and the best thing they could do. They are both young and good-looking, and will do a great deal better in either of those places than they did in this over-taxed country. Working people have not much of a chance here."

The speaker was a Radical of the most pronounced type, and attributed the greater part of the ills which afflict the working class to over-taxation and an oppressive aristocracy.

Peace was in no mood to discuss the question—he was too much overwhelmed by the account given by the landlord of the women's sudden flight.

"I shouldn't bother myself much about them, if I were you, Peace," said the landlord. "It's all for the best, depend upon that. They behaved fair and square to me, and I wish them both well."

"Yes—right you are—I won't bother myself. They are gone, and joy go with them. Thank you for the information." And, wishing the man a hearty farewell, he took his departure.

He visited some of his old haunts in the town, and lodged for the night at a coffee-house.

In the morning he returned to Sheffield.

He was ill at ease—restless and fidgety—everything appeared to be going wrong with him.

Though apparently pursuing at this time the vocation of a picture-frame maker and picture-dealer, he had, as we have already seen, made "overtime" at intervals with varying success. The illustrations which have been given of his career have in many instances shown that he obtained most valuable booty. But the number of occasions on which he failed in his depredations are not so well known; the reader, however, may rest assured that it was not all smooth sailing with him. He had, as it will be our purpose to show, a number of reverses and many narrow escapes.

The course which he generally pursued was to "prospect a district well" and make himself thoroughly acquainted with the general movements of the police in it

Next to pick out the places which offered at once the chance of a good haul, with the least possible risk, and, having done this, gather in the harvest with as little delay as possible, and then disappear from the district.

No wonder the police were baffled.

On the night prior to his leaving Sheffield Peace had an adventure, which at the time taxed his inventive genius.

He had obtained an entrance to the back premises of a fish shop which was situated at the back of the Cemetery Road This would be between eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

He was "operating" upon the back window of the place, intending, as usual, to "borrow" something, when very unexpectedly the proprietor of the establishment returned from the theatre in a cab.

Peace heard the vehicle stop, and, before he had time to get out of the yard the proprietor came into it.

Seeing Peace, he said:

"What do you want here?"

The visitor, after the manner of many other people, said, "Oh, nothing!"

The fishmonger was far from being satisfied, and made a demonstration as though he was about to seize the little fellow.

But Peace had used every bit of the time available during the brief conversation for the consideration of the best means of escape, and he had formed a loophole.

Jumping upon the boundary wall, he dropped over, and fell a considerable depth into the river Porter, which flows past there, but is shallow at that point. In point of fact it is like a large weir. He did not move in the darkness, but kept close to the wall, so that the astonished fishmonger should not know whether he had gone down the stream or up it.

Afterwards he quickly walked up it, past the back of Napier Street, and came out above Andrew Lane, but not without a good soaking.

Had he succeeded in his attempt to break into the shop, he would not have got much, as the proprietor had placed his cash in a place of safety.

This is one of the many faithful accounts of his various escapades; but the reader must be apprised that it occurred subsequently to the events we are now chronicling in this and the preceding chapters. It is cited as an instance of one of his many failures. We have, however, to record one which was more ignominious and disastrous.

Peace remained in Sheffield for some little time after his return from Bradford. He paid several visits to localities which lay at more or less distances from that town, and succeeded in possessing himself of a number of valuables, but he felt unhinged and grew tired of his native town.

Once more he paid a visit to Hull. The Oakfield House burglary, described in the opening chapters of our work was no longer fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants of that town, and Peace felt quite sure that he would not be recognised by any of the constabulary.

The love of change and adventure had most likely prompted him to shift his quarters for awhile, and transfer the scene of his operations to another locality.

Soon after his arrival in Hull he began to look out for the places most available for his purpose, and contrived to commit some daring robberies without detection.

He had noticed a small villa which stood on the outskirts of a village, a few miles from Hull. The house was far removed from other habitations.

It was very tempting, not to say inviting, to the burglar.

Peace had played his violin at a beershop in the neighbourhood—that is how he came to notice the Gothic cottage, as it was termed.

To obtain an entrance would be a matter of no great difficulty. Most of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood went to bed early, and rose with the lark.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night when Peace arrived at the villa in question.

A flight of steps led up to the front door. A bay window, with stone balustrading in front and a portico above, jutted out from the first storey of the habitation.

When Peace had reached the lawn in front of the house he hesitated for a short time before he made up his mind as to which was the easiest mode of access.

He came to the conclusion that it would be best to perform on the door. He had but little difficulty in picking the lock of this. The door yielded to his pressure, but he found that it was fastened by an inner chain, the end of which ran into a hollow tube.

It was impossible to effect an entrance without releasing the chain.

Peace drew from his pocket two pieces of wire, both of which were bent at the ends.

With these he believed he could push back the chain, release it, and enter.

While occupied with one arm through the aperture disclosed by the partially open door, one of the two French windows above was thrown open, and a woman's head and shoulders were visible.

Peace, whose back was towards the window, was quite unaware of the fact that his movements were watched.

Indeed, so intent was he on his work that he did not hear the noise occasioned by the opening of the window.

He was not so successful as he had anticipated in pushing back the chain; and while manipulating with his accustomed skill and perseverance he was suddenly awakened to the position of affairs by receiving a terrible blow between the shoulders, which seemed to take his breath away.

He faced round suddenly, when, much to his discomfiture, he received another blow on the side of the head, which caused a thousand lights to flash before his eyes.

"Oh, you nasty, burglarious wretch!" exclaimed the old woman above, who was his assailant. "You murderous villain!"

The speaker was flourishing a long house broom, with the thick end of which she delivered another blow on the burglar's head.

Peace was quite unprepared for this unlooked-for assault; he caught hold of the broom and swore a terrible oath.

A struggle now ensued between the two. Peace held firmly on to the end of the broom, and the old woman above clung tenaciously to the handle.

"Murder! thieves! police! help!" screamed the woman, in a shrill, penetrating voice, which rang like a clarion note in the night air.

"You nasty, ugly, good-for-nothing, thieving scamp!" she continued. "You hideous, murderous wretch!"

Peace was terribly bruised; a noise as of rushing waters was in his ears, and his temples throbbed and ached most terribly.

By a violent effort he wrested the broom from the hands of his assailant. He was wound up to a state of fury, and lost his usual prudence. To be so unmercifully beaten by a woman was positively intolerable.

In all his adventures he had never been so cruelly used. But he would not be baffled—he would have reprisals.

He jumped on to the top of the stone facing of the balustrade which ran in front of the house, and, broom in hand, struck a defiant attitude.

"Don't you think to master me, you vile, dirty slut!" he ejaculated; and, with these words, he aimed a blow at his

enemy, who very prudently retired into the interior of the room.

The only effect the blow had was to smash one of the front windows.

"If I can only get in," muttered Peace, "I shall be all right. I'll soon silence that old Jezebel. Without doubt she has been left in charge of the house. I'll give it her, worth her money, when I do get in. Curse it, how my head aches!"

He balanced himself on the top of the stonework as deftly as an acrobat; then he caught the edge of the balcony with the big end of his broom, and was preparing himself for a final spring, when another actor came upon the scene.

A buxom servant girl appeared at the open window. She was armed with a mop.

Seeing that Peace was about to scale the balcony, she threw out the mop much the same as a Zulu does his spear, and delivered such a terrific blow on Peace's face that he was hurled back, and fell upon the gravel path in front in a state of insensibility.

The old woman and her maid were masters of the field. Their foe remained prostrate and helpless in front of the citadel.

Again the cries, "Help! Police!" rose in the air. They resounded far and near.

The servant girl now brought to the window a pail of dirty water, which she threw over the vanquished burglar.

This had the effect of restoring him to consciousness. He made an effort to rise, but he was so dizzy, so utterly prostrated, that he was almost helpless for a time.

The mistress and her maid had the prudence not to sally forth till assistance had arrived, for they were by no means certain as to the real state of the enemy. He might, after all, only be shamming, and it would not be advisable to risk an engagement in the open field.

They had recourse, therefore, to "sound the alarm," by repeated screams and cries for assistance.

Much to their delight, a constable opened the garden gate and flashed his bull's-eye in all directions.

By the light of his lantern he discovered Peace stretched on the garden walk.

"Now, then, get up, man," said the constable to Peace.

"I can't," exclaimed the burglar. "I'm all but killed by those she dragons."

"You can't lie here all night. Get up, I say. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, don't ask me," said Peace, in a whining, hypocritical voice. "Those infamous women!"

"Don't listen to what he says, policeman," interrupted the old lady. "He was breaking into the house, but we caught him just in time—only just in time."

"Do you charge him?"

"Certainly. Take him in custody. Of course I charge him, the dirty blackguard!"

Another constable now presented himself, and the two carried Peace into the back parlour of the little cottage.

He presented a most pitiable appearance. Two great bumps as big as an egg were visible on his head; in addition to this his nose was bleeding, and a scar was observable on his face; this last being from the effects of the mop which had been handled so dexterously by the servant girl.

He was, moreover, wet to the skin from the contents of the pail.

He had never been so cruelly dealt with before.

With his head between his hands, he groaned and moaned in a most piteous and abject manner.

"You've got the worst of it this time, old man," said one of the policemen. "Are you sufficiently strong to walk to the station?"

"Me strong! I feel as if about to breathe my last," cried Peace.

The two constables conversed apart for a little time, then one left the house. He returned with a pony-cart.

"Now, then," said the other, addressing himself to Peace, "as you are not able to walk, my man, we've got a conveyance for you."

"I'm very bad," said our hero, with a groan.

"Can't help that. Get up, man."

The two policemen, without more ado, lifted up the wounded burglar, and bore him nolens volens towards the cart, which stood just outside the garden gate.

Peace was lifted into this by his captors, and the vehicle was driven towards the station. During the journey Peace whined and moaned in a most piteous manner, declaring all the way that he was an ill-used man.

After being examined and attended to by the divisional surgeon, he was locked up for the remainder of the night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Peace had been placed in a tolerably comfortable bed; his clothes were dried and brought into his room by early dawn. He was requested to get up; and, when dressed, was conducted to one of the cells adjoining the court, there to await his turn for examination.

He found, upon entering the cell in question, that it contained another occupant besides himself.

His companion in misfortune was a tall, slim young man, apparently twenty or thereabouts. In appearance he was what some persons would call genteel; certainly there did not appear to be anything of the ruffian about him.

Peace regarded him with a searching glance, but did not offer any observation.

To say the truth, he was miserably depressed. Every bone in his body ached, his temples still throbbed, and the bumps on his head were as sore and troublesome as they well could be.

Presently the young man, whose name was Green, addressed Peace.

"What are you up for?" said Mr. Green. This being a slang expression for "What are you charged with?"

"I don't know at present," answered Peace sulkily. "What are you up for?"

"Slinging my hook"—a professional term for picking pockets—"but I'm as innocent as the babe unborn," added Mr. Green.

"Oh, of course," returned Peace; "so am I."

Mr. Green whistled and looked up at the roof of the cell.

"You just mind your own business," said our hero, "and speak only when you're spoken to."

"All right, mate," returned Mr. Green, "there's no occasion to be humpy with a fellow—but there, I've done."

Mr. Green was now brought into court.

His countenance was the very personification of simplicity and injured innocence. He made a most respectful obeisance to the magistrates, and looked benignly at the spectators.

Mr. Green had the misfortune to be charged with picking pockets.

It was said that he was "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," but his appearance belied the accusation.

The charge was read over, and the usual formalities gone through. The prosecutor was then put in the witness-box and sworn.

He stated that a crowd was collected in consequence of an accident in the street. A horse had run away; the wheel of the chaise he was dragging came into collision with a lamp-post, the chaise was overturned, its occupants precipitated into the roadway, and picked up in a senseless condition; the shafts were broken short off, and with these the horse galloped off.

The prosecutor was looking at the broken vehicle in the road when he felt a tug at his watch, and saw it fall against his waistcoat.

Turning round he seized Mr. Green by the collar, and promptly charged him with the theft, upon which the young gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and pitifully exclaimed two or three times:

"Oh, my poor dear mamma!"

So ingenuous indeed was Mr. Green's manner that his fervent protestations of innocence would in all probability have had their effect upon the prosecutor had not the watch itself—such was the cruel irony of fate—been seen at the very moment to drop from his hand.

The case was, therefore, very black against Mr. Green.

The prosecutor, however, seemed to give his evidence with reluctance, being under the impression that it was the youth's first offence.

"What have you to say to this charge?" inquired the magistrate.

"I hope you will be merciful to me," said Mr. Green. "I'll tell you the truth, sir. I've been led away by bad company day after day, and that's what's brought me to this—it has indeed, sir. I trust you will have mercy on me, as this is my first offence, and I'll take good care it shall be my last, for I would not let my father and mother know, for this would break their hearts, and get me a bad name. I hope you will have the case settled here to-day, as I have been waiting a week, for I did not have nothing to do with the watch; but I leave it to you, sir, to determine. Only I am anxious that my dear father and mother should know nothing of the dreadful charge."

"It is quite impossible for any rational person to believe in your innocence after the evidence that has been offered," said the magistrate. "Still, you are young, and may have

been led into crime through bad associates; but that is no excuse."

"Oh, do have pity on me!" exclaimed Mr. Green. "I'll tell you the honest truth."

The story which Mr. Green, to use a forensic phrase, invited the bench to believe, did great credit to his ingenuity, but there were other ugly facts brought forward which went far towards prejudicing him in the eyes of all present.

Mr. Green said in continuation:

"I came to Hull a short time since upon a little matter of business. In the train I met a young man who invited me to his house. When the train got to the station all the people got out, so did me and the young man. Soon after our arrival in the town, we seed a crowd of persons in the street. The young man 'sed to me, 'Here, I'll get this gentleman's clock,' and he went up to this gentleman (pointing to the prosecutor) and pulled it out. He wanted to give it to me, but I would not take it, and the gentleman caught hold of me. This is how I got into this. But he (alluding to the prosecutor) did not get the right one, though I was with him. Gentlemen, have mercy on me, do, for I am guilty of being with that young man who got away, but who ought to be here instead of me."

The policeman who took the prisoner into custody, and was on the spot at the time of the robbery, was put in the box, and swore distinctly that he saw the watch drop out of Mr. Green's hand.

"Oh, Mr. Policeman," exclaimed the young gentleman, "how can you say such a thing?" Then, turning to the magistrates, he said, "It was a young man by me, gentlemen, and he ses to me, he ses, 'Hold this 'ere,' and he shoves the watch into my hand an' with that the constable he catches 'old of me and ses, ses he——"

"You must ask the witness what he said."

"Thank you, sir, I will," returned Mr. Green. "Now, then," said he, turning to the witness, "now, then, wasn't there a young man a-standin' by me when you came up?"

"No, certainly not; there was no young man by you."

"Ah! Mr. Policeman," ejaculated the prisoner, in a deprecating tone, "how can you say so? Think again."

"There was not," repeated the witness.

"I don't know what my father and mother will say to this, gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Green, blubbering. "I would not get my father and mother in any disgrace, not for anythink. I will take good care I never get into bad company again. When I get over this I will go home and be happy with my father and mother. Gentlemen, have mercy on me, gentlemen. If I come here again you may do as you like with me."

Mr. Green, with all his cunning and affected innocence, showed a more than usual confidence in human nature, if he imagined that he could impose upon the bench of magistrates with so hackneyed a plea.

His line of defence was as well known between St. Paul's Churchyard and Farringdon Street, as is the "Propria quæ Maribus" at Eton.

The magistrates, after consulting together, elected to send the case to the sessions.

The prosecutor was bound over in his own recognisances, and Mr. Green, "like Niobe—all tears," was taken back to his cell.

Peace, who had given the name of Parker when arrested, was now placed in the dock.

He glanced round the court to see if his female assailant was there to press the charge. To his dismay, he beheld the elderly female sitting on a bench by the side of the witness-box.

She was a tall, sharp-featured, angular, bony woman; her cast of features and general contour denoted inflexible determination.

Peace presented a most rueful appearance; two plasters covered the large and painful bumps on his head. His face gave unmistakable evidence of the blow received from the housemaid's mop.

Mrs. Pocklington, the prosecutrix, had engaged a solicitor to conduct the case.

After the usual formalities had been gone through, the gentleman in question rose and briefly narrated the circumstances which had led to the capture of the prisoner on the preceding night.

Mrs. Pocklington was then put into the box, and gave a succinct account of all that had transpired.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Pocklington," said the chairman, when the lady had concluded, "it would appear that you are well able to protect yourself."

"I hope I am," returned Mrs. Pocklington sharply. "It is not the first time an attempt has been made to break into my house."

"I never attempted to break into her house, gentlemen!" cried Peace. "Don't believe what she says; she's almost killed me."

"What were you doing at the front of her residence, then? And what right had you to be there at all? It is clearly a case of attempted burglary, but you had better reserve your defence; we have other witnesses to examine."

"Thank you, sir," said Peace; "I will not make any further observations at present."

The servant girl was now placed in the box. She corroborated the evidence given by her mistress.

The two constables were next examined. They proved that the large lock of the door had been forced open—proved also that house-breaking instruments were found upon the prisoner, together with a bunch of skeleton keys—"and all these facts pointed to one conclusion," said Mrs. Pocklington's lawyer—"namely, that the prisoner is a professional burglar."

Unfortunately for Peace, this was proved beyond all question. A detective was placed in the box, who said he knew the prisoner well, that he had undergone one month's imprisonment in December, 1851.

Peace denied this in a most positive manner; nevertheless his assertions had but little effect upon the bench, who decided upon sending the case for trial.

"I've been punished quite enough, I should think," ejaculated Peace, "considering I never intended to rob the house; but——"

"If you take my advice," said one of the magistrates, "you will reserve your defence. Anything you say now will be given in evidence against you, and it will in no way affect our decision. If you have a legal defence, reserve it till your trial comes on at the sessions. Do not prejudice your case by offering any observations."

"I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice," returned Peace. "I have a defence, but if you have decided upon sending it to the sessions it is of no use my speaking now. Before I go, however, I hereby solemnly declare that that wicked old woman has not spoken the truth; she has committed perjury."

"Don't you dare to insult me, you nasty, ugly, little villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Pocklington, rising from her seat and shaking her umbrella menacingly at the speaker.

"Hush! Silence! Order in court!" cried the usher.

"Sit down, madam, if you please," said one of the magistrates.

The old lady did as she was bid, but she kept rocking herself to and fro, muttering the while to herself inarticulate sentences.

Peace was removed, and found himself once more in his cell, in company with the ill-used Mr. Green.

CHAPTER XIX.

Peace, as may readily be imagined, deplored having made an attempt to enter the "Gothic Cottage" in the occupation of Mrs. Pocklington. He came to the conclusion that that was one of the most stupid things he had ever been guilty of.

His first night in the county gaol was by no means an agreeable one.

The first night in any prison is generally one of bitterness and gall to the unhappy prisoners; but our hero felt humiliated at the contemptible part he had been playing—to be knocked about by an old woman until he was rendered nearly senseless, and in that state to be captured without even making an attempt to escape, was most aggravating.

The more he reflected upon the matter the more humiliated did he feel.

His sleep was broken and disturbed during the greater portion of the night.

At six o'clock in the morning he was aroused by the resonant sound of a large bell. He arose and hurried on his clothes.

The door of his cell was thrown open by a stalwart warder, who passed on to make room for the deputy governor and another warder. This last-named personage carried in his hand a large book.

"Do you wish to see the doctor?" inquired the governor.

"Thank you, sir," returned Peace. "I do not think there is any necessity for that. I am better than I was; the bruises on my head are less painful."

"And your cell. Do you intend to clean it yourself, or procure a substitute?"

"I'll do my best to clean it."

The name he had given at the police court was now entered on the list in the warder's book.

Two brushes were then given him, with which he was directed to polish the floor of his cell; and the warder instructed him as to the regulation mode of stowing his hammock and mattress on the shelf, and folding up his blankets and rug.

All these details are easy enough to those who have been accustomed to manual labour, but they are, of course, very hard to one who has been gently nurtured, or moved in a respectable sphere of life.

This is why prison discipline falls with such unequal force upon different classes of culprits. To a navigator, excavator, or labourer of any description, the tread-wheel is a mere trifle in comparison to the effect upon those who have never been used to manual labour.

Every morning Peace had to go on his hands and knees and polish his cell floor, as well as wash and scrub the table, stool, basin, and every article in the room.

This was not a particularly hard task to him, while to others it would have been one of infinite labour.

He had ample opportunity of contemplating the outside of the door, and seeing how the various mysterious appliances connected with it were worked.

Being of a mechanical and, in many respects, ingenious turn of mind, he was naturally interested.

He regarded with great curiosity the spy-hole over the trap-door, and was at no loss to comprehend how it was constructed.

It was evident enough that the inmate of the cell could not see any person on the outside, but it was equally clear that a watcher outside could command the entire range of the prisoner's apartment.

A number of prisoners were assembled in the passage; Peace was told to join them. Then the whole of the culprits were marched along the stone passage until they came to a large, low-roofed hall.

From this they ascended a dark, winding staircase, which led into the chapel.

Peace observed among the motley group the gipsy, Mr. Green, the cadaverous-looking gentleman who was about to give the history of his life in the lock-up, together with many

INQUIRED IF PEACE WANTED ANYTHING.

When the brief interview with his gaolers was over, his breakfast was served through the little trap in the door. It consisted of a pint of gruel and a slice of bread.

A starving man will eat anything, it is said; but I expect many of my readers would have turned aside in disgust at the breakfast. Peace devoured it with something like a relish.

There can be no possible reason for denying unconvicted prisoners the luxury of a cup of tea or coffee for their morning's meal.

We never could "abear," as Mrs. Gamp says, gruel under any circumstances. But, of course, all men are not constituted alike.

After breakfast he was told to prepare for chapel.

On stepping outside his cell he was directed to turn round with his face to the cell door, to take his Bible, prayer, and hymn-book in his hands, and to hold them behind his back.

This, again, is an unnecessary piece of assumption on the part of the prison authorities when dealing with an unconvicted person—one who, indeed, for aught they know, may be as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as they are themselves.

others whose faces he recognised. The last-named looked even more ghastly than ever.

Nods were exchanged, but not a word was spoken by any of the prisoners.

The chapel was a good-sized, lofty room. In it were two large cages—large spaces parted off with iron bars.

Over these was a gallery, with a thick curtain in front, which had been constructed for the exclusive use of the female prisoners.

In one of the cages were sixteen men, who had been tried and sentenced, and were waiting to be drafted off to the several prisons or convict establishments.

All were cropped and shaven close, every vestige of beard being removed, and their hair cut down to about an inch in length. They were clad in rough grey jackets, trousers, and vests, with coarse blue-striped shirts.

While the male prisoners were assembling, the female portion were coming into the chapel by another door, and sat in their own gallery, quite out of the sight of the male prisoners. Two female warders sat behind the female prisoners, and two male warders took their station on each side of the males.

The congregation was of a very motley character; the generality of the boys were poor and ragged; some of them were very keen-eyed and restless in their manner—others were apparently the children of respectable parents.

Presently the chaplain entered in his white gown, followed by an elderly warder, who officiated as clerk.

During the devotional exercises most of the prisoners leaned forward on the seat in front of them.

On one side of the pulpit and reader's desk was the governor's pew, in which was seated that awful functionary. He was a tall, elderly man, with a partially bald head.

When the service was over and the chaplain had retired, the governor was the first to lead the way out. The door was unlocked by his deputy, and downstairs the prisoners were marched in military order.

"You look very ill, sir," whispered Peace to the cadaverous-looking man who was now next to him.

"Going home," returned the other. "It matters not whether they convict or acquit me, my race is nearly run."

"Silence!" exclaimed a warder.

Not another word was spoken. The prisoners went along with their hands behind them like so many schoolboys. The ceremony was humiliating to the last degree.

Peace was directed to cross over to a little office where the governor was standing. He was then told to take off his boots and stand against a post with numbers on it, with a sliding piece of brass in its centre. It was a machine for measuring his height.

This was recorded in a book by a clerk.

He was then asked his name, his age, where born, the date of his birth, trade, or profession, married or single, together with a variety of other questions, which in most cases were seldom answered truthfully; nevertheless it was a ceremony which had to be gone through.

After it was over he was introduced to the chaplain, whose room was in close proximity to the chapel.

The manner of the rev. gentleman was kind and conciliatory. He asked Peace if he could read and write; the answer was in the affirmative.

"Have you got good legal advice?" inquired the chaplain.

Peace informed him that he had written to his mother to retain the services of an able advocate, and he felt quite sure that he should be acquitted, as he had no felonious intent.

"I hope and trust you may. I feel assured that you will have a fair trial," said the clergyman, who then informed our hero that he could have any books he liked from the library in the prison to beguile the hours during his imprisonment.

"You are very kind, sir, and I have to offer you my heartfelt thanks," said Peace, who was touched by the first words of consolation he had heard since his incarceration.

"In writing to your friends," said the divine, "I must give you a warning. All letters are opened by the governor before they leave the prison."

"Then I think it most unfair," cried Peace.

"We will not discuss that question; it is a rule which is invariably carried out, and therefore I deem it my duty to inform you of it. I advise you also to destroy all letters that come to you as soon as read."

"I will most certainly do so, sir," returned Peace, who again thanked the chaplain most sincerely for his information and advice.

He returned to his cell in a much more composed state; he looked hopefully to the future. After all, things were not so bad as he had at first supposed.

Soon after he had returned to his cell he received a visit from the governor, who, like any other commander-in-chief, was attended by his aide-de-camp.

"They're very attentive to me," all of a sudden muttered our hero, as he caught sight of the governor, who inquired if he wanted anything, looking up and down the cell with a searching glance.

"I'm told I may have a few books to read," said Peace.

"Certainly—by all means you can."

"Then I should like to have one or two."

The prison official nodded, and before Peace had time to make any other requests he had vanished.

Half an hour after this a number of books were brought to the prisoner to choose from. He selected two, which he was allowed to retain, with the understanding that there were more at his service when he had perused the two volumes.

The records of prison life are necessarily monotonous. The poor prisoners find to their cost their state of existence especially so; but it is impossible that it should be otherwise.

We have endeavoured to give as faithful a picture as possible of the treatment of prisoners while in gaol awaiting their trial.

Many an innocent man has to put up with all the indignities we have described, and has been forced to suffer in silence, for no one seems to have much sympathy for persons who have the misfortune to be wrongfully accused.

They must get out of the scrape as best they can.

The public, however, every now and then awakens to the fact that a great wrong has been done, and an outcry is raised, but it goes to sleep again.

Peace was never much of a reader at any period of his life, but during his incarceration he relieved the tedium of the hours by perusing the volumes he had selected from those brought him from the prison library.

After the governor's diurnal visit all the prisoners were called out and marched off into a stone yard enclosed in iron bars on two sides, on the other by stone walls.

In this place Peace had an opportunity of having a look at his fellow-prisoners.

All grades of society were represented by the motley group, from the City merchant to the wretched street Arab.

For nearly an hour did the prisoners go round the yard in regular order, much after the fashion of soldiers. Two warders were there to keep order, and interdict any talking between the prisoners.

Certain days in the week were visiting days. Peace was looking forward to a visit from his mother, to whom he had written. She presented herself at the prison on the next visiting day, and was conducted by a turnkey to that part of the prison where the inmates are permitted to see their relatives, who have to converse with them through wire gratings, with a space of some three or four feet between them, in which sits a warder.

The visiting goes on for an hour or more. Those prisoners who have friends come to see them stand in a row against these railings, and their friends opposite. As a matter of course, everyone is talking at once with his own friends, and the consequence is there is a constant clatter kept up during the whole of the time.

All are too interested in their own affairs to take any notice of what is going on between his neighbour and friend.

Peace exhorted his mother to procure the services of a counsel whom he named, and in whom he had great confidence.

"Be of good cheer, my dear boy," said his parent; "I have already seen the gentleman you name, and he has promised to do his best for you."

"That old catamaran will swear anything, I feel assured of that," cried Peace. "But he'll be able to bowl her out if you tell him what sort of customer he has to deal with—a she-dragon, a very devil, that's what she is."

"Don't you lose your temper, Charlie. It's no use doing that now you're behind the bars."

"I should like to——"

"Hush! don't go on so—be patient," interrupted his mother. "There, keep up your spirits; all will be well, I dare say."

"They treat everybody in this place as if they were convicted felons. It's a shame, that's what it is, but it's no use making any complaint. If a fellow does that he gets worse served. I've done nothing against the laws, but it makes no difference. The biggest rogue gets the best of it in places of this sort."

"Well, it is only for a short time; the sessions will soon be on, and there you'll have justice done you, let us hope."

"Umph! Hope told a flattering tale, mother. But, hark ye! I want to see the lawyer to give him the necessary instructions for preparing my defence. Do you hear? I must see him."

"I've arranged all that. He will be here in a day or two's time. Don't fret or worry yourself; we are doing all we can for you."

"I have no doubt of that; but it's hard to be cooped up here."

While this conversation had been taking place there was a hubbub of voices from the other prisoners and their friends.

Interviews of this nature are in many cases painful in the extreme, especially when the friends or relatives of a prisoner are introduced into the interior of a gaol for the first time.

At the expiration of the time appointed for these visits, Peace and his companions returned to their respective cells.

(To be continued.)

swindled people in order to gratify his tastes and his vices. One day a beggar, the next day in affluence, he sometimes consorted with abandoned criminals, and, a little later on, hobnobbed with financiers, cardinals, princes, and sovereigns. The associate of the most disreputable characters in the morning, he gambled and supped at night at the table of the highest in the land. Selfish to the verge of cruelty, utterly devoid of scruples, having no other guide in life than the gratification of his bestial instincts, he stopped at nothing, and committed nearly every crime except murder, no doubt for the fear of the punishment, for Casanova was essentially a coward. Not that he lacked a certain physical courage which enabled him on occasions to draw his rapier and fight a duel, but of moral courage he had none."

There, now, you have a life picture of your hero.

"Dost like the picture?"

As we have already stated, the most extraordinary thing about this man was that luck never deserted him. Even at the age of sixty, when his frame was shattered by the excesses of his career, with nothing before him but misery and starvation, he met in Paris a Bohemian nobleman, Count Waldstein, who appointed Casanova librarian of his Castle of Dux, near Goelitz.

There he lived for fifteen years, employing himself by writing his ten volumes of "Memoirs" (from which we extract our story), and carrying on an active correspondence with many celebrated persons of his time. Did fortune ever smile so consistently upon such a scoundrel before or since?

And now for our story. We must be forgiven our somewhat lengthy introduction, but we deemed it essential, so that the reader may bestow greater interest on the perusal of perhaps the most exciting episode in this marvellous man's career.

It is the month of March, 1755, and although the wind is a little fresh, rippling the usually placid waters of the canal of Venice, the sun is warm, and the sky that beautiful spotless blue that can be found perhaps nowhere else in the world than over the picturesque city of the Adriatic. In a room of a suite of apartments on the quay known as the Fondamento Novo, is seated a man in the full prime of life. He is barely thirty years of age, and his finely chiselled features and broad forehead stamp him at first glance as one possessed of unusual intelligence, and what we here should call "class." The dark eyes seem to glitter as you meet his gaze, and they are as penetrating as a snake's to a rabbit. Yet the ever present smile that sits upon his countenance counterbalances anything that might suggest repulsiveness in his look. If you scrutinise him more carefully you will observe that the lips are very plump and arched, and suggestive of much animal passion, which is again counterbalanced by a magnificently moulded chin, which indicates resolution and firmness, giving to the countenance almost a noble expression. Splendidly attired, and with clean-shaven face and the somewhat long, wavy black hair thrown back and disclosing a high forehead as white as alabaster.

This is Jean Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, the wit and adventurer. He is evidently awaiting the arrival of somebody expected, and rises from his easy-chair and paces the apartment impatiently. Now you can study his figure. Standing about five feet ten, he is the beau-ideal of an athlete, and it is easy to imagine that his thews and sinews are those of a Hercules.

Presently a servant knocks and enters with a card upon a salver, which Casanova snatches up quickly. "Yes, show Signor Manuzzi in," he says. In a few seconds a man bearing a large leather case enters, and as he does, he bows very low, whilst humbly apologising for being ten minutes late to his appointment.

"Well, well, never mind; only I am the soul of punctuality myself, and I think a man is a thief of another man's life if he does not keep appointments. He has robbed him of so many minutes or hours of his existence. But I see you have brought the gems. Be seated, and open your case."

Manuzzi is a jeweller and dealer in curios, and has brought some large and immensely valuable diamonds for Casanova to purchase on credit. He is delighted with them, the business transaction is settled satisfactorily to both, apparently—especially to our hero—and they take wine together, whilst the dealer surveys the pictures and articles of virtu which embellish the room. On a sideboard there are some books which Manuzzi picks up and examines studiously. The subjects are upon raising the infernal spirits.

"The works are very rare," remarks the dealer. "I know a person who would give a thousand sequins (equal to about £500 English money) for the five volumes. Permit me to take them to him, and if they are genuine I will return within twenty-four hours with the money."

Casanova, having the diamonds as security for the books, which he really was anxious to get rid of, at once agreed, and Manuzzi left.

Little did the bright, intellectual, experienced man of the world dream that this dealer in diamonds, who had made his acquaintance by tempting him with precious gems (which, of course, Casanova had no intention of ever paying for) was a spy in the service of the Inquisition, and that those books which he had entrusted to the man would lose him his liberty, if not his life, and that the diamonds which had served as the ground bait would naturally be returned to the owner.

Events marched quickly. Casanova had a very rich friend in Venice (he always did wherever he went) named Signor de Bragadino. He was an old man, and very wealthy, who had been fascinated by Casanova and had so much admiration, and, indeed, real affection, for the adventurer that his purse and his influence were both practically at the command of our hero.

The next day Bragadino called at the apartments upon the quay and saw Casanova. He was much agitated, and there were tears in his eyes. After embracing his young friend he entreated him to fly at once from Venice, and had brought with him a heavily laden purse to enable him to do

A favourite of the Marquise de Pompadour.

so. He explained that through one of his friends who held office in the Inquisition he had learned that his arrest was imminent, that he was to be accused of believing in nothing but the devil, of eating meat every day, of attending none but festival Masses, and last, but not least, of being a Freemason. All these dreadful crimes the Inquisitors believed of Casanova, who was constantly at the houses of the Foreign Ministers, and that, living as he did at the expense of Bragadino and two other wealthy patricians, he revealed the secrets of State which he succeeded in extracting in exchange for the large sums of money he was known to lose at gambling. So they had set this trap for him by sending the spy-jeweller with the diamonds, but for the special purpose of getting documentary evidence to prove him an infidel. This they had succeeded in doing, for the Secretary of the Inquisition had the books, and his former practices as a magician years before in Venice could be proved by many witnesses.

To the surprise and grief of Bragadino, though, Casanova declined to show a pair of heels. He said, "I have no remorse on my conscience, so I cannot be guilty; and if I am innocent I have nothing to fear."

Casanova was a fool, for he ought to have known, and did know, for his friends told him the eye of the Inquisition was upon him, that he had many envious enemies, and that the only persons who could live in peace at Venice under the Republic were those entirely ignored by the fatal Inquisition.

Nevertheless, Casanova was obstinate, and nobody could shake his resolution to remain and face the whole thing out. No doubt he loved his native town, and was by no means anxious to vacate the bed which he had feathered so luxuriously by the wealth of his friends.

In the month of July the odious Tribunal ordered "Messer Grande" (the title given to the chief of the "Archers," or State police of the Republic) to capture Casanova "dead or alive," that being the merciless formula of every order issued by this terrible triumvirate for the apprehension of a victim.

On the 25th of July Casanova had been to the Erbaria, a fashionable promenade on the quay by the Grand Canal, close to the Rialto Bridge, called by that name because it was used in the daytime as a market for herbs, fruit, and flowers; but at night it was the rendezvous for lovers and serenaders of the fastest set in Venice, whence the gondoliers rowed many a loving couple down into the shadows of the canal, until the sweet music of their voices and guitar, accompanied by the gentle plashing of the oar, was lost to the ear in the long vista of the waterway.

Our hero was returning home in the moonlight, for a wonder, alone, but was unconscious of the fact that he was being

"I ARREST YOU BY AUTHORITY OF 'THE TRIBUNAL.'"

followed by five individuals. Reaching his lodgings on the quay, and proceeding upstairs, he threw himself into his chair and lit a cigarette, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. Bidden to enter, these men appeared. One stepped forward. It was the terrible "Messer Grande."

"You are Jacques Casanova?" he said.

"Yes, I am Casanova," was the reply. "What do you want with me?"

"I arrest you by the authority of the Tribunal. I leave a man in possession of all your belongings. An examination of your papers will take place, and everything you possess will be taken charge of and returned to you when you are free," said the officer, expressing the latter part of his sentence somewhat sneeringly, with an emphasis upon the "when."

Casanova was taken in a gondola with four guards, and conveyed down the Grand Canal, where they disembarked on the quay by the prisons. They then mounted a number of stairs and crossed a covered bridge. This was the famous Bridge of Sighs, which connects the Ducal Palace with the prisons across the canal so familiar to tourists as the Rio de Palazzo

The prisoner was conducted beyond the bridge through a corridor, then through one room into another, in which he was brought face to face with the Secretary to the Inquisition, at that period Domineco Cavalli. This official knew Casanova personally. He eyed him from head to foot and simply observed, "Yes, that is he. Keep him safe."

Thence he was marched down another corridor, up two flights of narrow, winding stairs, along a little passage, where they met the gaoler, with a heavy bunch of keys hanging to his girdle. Again along another passage, shut off from the first with a massive door, which was locked after them. Then down another long corridor, with a door at the end opening into a filthy attic, lighted by a window high up in the roof. Here Casanova was told to remain, and he thought that this disgusting hole was to be his prison cell. But he was mistaken, for presently another gaoler came with a huge key, opened a thick door, 3ft. 6in. high, lined with sheet-iron, with a hole in the centre about eight inches in diameter, to which was a curious contrivance in iron riveted to a metal plate, and in form like a horse-shoe, 1in. thick, with a space of about five inches between its two ends.

"I see you are wondering what use we make of that machine. I will inform you," said the gaoler, who was now alone with his prisoner, two men-at-arms being stationed in the corridor. "When their excellencies give orders that anyone is to be strangled, he is made to sit down on a stool with his back to this collar, and his head is so placed that it encircles half his neck. Then a twist of silk which encircles the other half has the two ends threaded through this hole and attached to a drum, which a man turns until the victim's soul has gone to God—for the confessor, God be praised, never leaves him until he is dead."

"Mighty ingenious," said Casanova coolly, "and it strikes me, sir, that you have the honour of turning the wheel."

The fellow made no reply, but stared in blank astonishment at his prisoner, who seemed to be so little affected by the awful surroundings, and motioned him to proceed in front. Casanova had to stoop to avoid striking his head against the ceiling of his dungeon, for it was only 5ft. 6in. in height. The door clanged to and he could hear the measured steps of his gaoler die away in the distance.

Unpleasant, to say the least of it, as was the situation, Casanova, always cool and collected, took a philosophic view of the whole thing, and proceeded to investigate his wretched apartment. He found that the cell was somewhat L-shaped, forming three-quarters of a square about ten feet each way, a recess corresponding to the missing quarter.

This would have served to contain a bed, but there was nothing of the kind, not even a seat or table, in fact nothing with the exception of a pail and a shelf fastened to the wall at about four feet from the ground. There he deposited his fine silk cloak, his smart, rich coat and his hat, with its bordering of Spanish point-lace and long, white feather.

The heat, it being July, was terrific, and the only ventilation, and which served to admit light in the day-time, was a two-foot square cut in the wall, and crossed by six iron bars, each an inch thick, which made sixteen openings of five inches square. Unfortunately, however, there was a quadrangular joist, a foot and a-half thick, supporting the timbers of the roof, inserted in the wall just below the window, which served to intercept daylight and fresh air.

Leaning his elbows upon the ledge of the grating, for as we have said, he could not stand erect, Casanova remained in deep abstraction for upwards of an hour, when he heard a noise in the adjoining attic, into which the light of the dawn of day was beginning to stream in through the skylight. Looking through the grating in the door, he observed, with a slight shudder, enormous rats disporting themselves by the dozen. These great brutes, who had found their way up from the canals, then, were to be his companions. He was not to be left entirely alone. But Casanova had a horror of rats, and this was the first discovery in the prison of the Inquisition that upset his equilibrium.

For eight hours he remained in the stifling atmosphere of that dungeon. No food, not even a drink of water was forthcoming. His mouth was parched and bitter. Five o'clock in the afternoon struck by the clock of St. Mark's, still nobody came. At length he could stand it no longer. He became furious, stamped his feet, cursed and shouted until his throat was sore and his voice refused obedience. Then, nothing happening to indicate that he had been heard, and now plunged once more into darkness, he had strength and caution enough to close the grating communicating with the attics to prevent the possibility of the rats paying him a visit when faint and exhausted. He threw himself upon the floor at full length, and from a stage of semi-unconsciousness passed into a heavy slumber

A Lucky Thief.

ABOUT twenty yards above the Cora Lynn, where the waters of the Clyde are precipitated over the perpendicular rocks, eighty feet in height, there is a chasm of not more than seven or eight feet in width, through which the whole collected stream pours impetuously along. A boy had stolen some apples from the garden at Cora House, and, being detected by the gardener, he ran towards the river and attempted to leap over the terrific current. He missed his footing, and fell headlong into it. The gardener stood horror-struck, and expected to see the mangled corpse of the boy emerge, only to be dashed down the fearful cataract below. Imagine his sensation of joy when he saw the lad thrown safely on the ledge of the opposite rock, and heard him, as he scampered off with the bag of apples in his hand, exclaim, "Aha, lad, ye have na' caught me yet!"

Curran's Passage at Arms.

JAMES PHILPOT CURRAN, the great Irish lawyer, when on one occasion pleading at the Assize Courts at Dublin, offended Justice Robinson, who immediately retorted in a furious tone: "Sir, you are forgetting the respect you owe to the dignity of judicial character!"

"Dignity, my lord?" answered Curran. "Upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority with which you are doubtless acquainted: A poor Scotchman, upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and, taking off his coat, gave it to a bystander to hold; but, having lost the battle, he turned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also—that the trustee of habiliments had decamped during the contest. So, my lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it. It is in vain that he endeavours to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned."

The judge cried out: "If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you!"

"Then, my lord, it will be the best thing you have committed this year."

The judge did not keep his threat, though he applied to his brethren to unfrock the daring advocate; but they refused to interfere, and so the matter ended.

Mad Rulers.

ARE THEY CRIMINALS?

THAT the reigning monarchs of Europe are more or less mad is a daring statement to make. Yet Professor Cesare Lombroso, a prince among criminologists, has not hesitated in expressing his opinion that that is a fact. He startled his audience at the Congress of Criminologists by declaring that the Czar, the Kaiser, the Sultan of Turkey, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Archduke Otto, the heir to the Austrian throne, and King Alfonso of Spain are more or less lunatics. Referring to the Autocrat of All the Russias, he said: "The Czar is not a criminally-inclined lunatic, but an innocent, melancholy idiot, the easiest possible tool in the hands of a flattering influence." He based this trenchant judgment on an examination of a plaster cast of that ruler's head made at Compiègne, during His Majesty's visit to France, by the eminent sculptor Denis Pinch, who received an order for a bust of his august patron.

The Professor assured his hearers that both the Kaiser and the Sultan of Turkey are born criminal lunatics. Their lunacy, he adds, is irretrievable and irresponsible. He concludes with the astounding declaration that if they belonged to a humbler sphere of life, the ruler at the Porte would have become a bank sneak, whilst the latter's gay instincts would surely have landed him in the midst of frequent brawls, which would inevitably have led him to gaol and the scaffold. Europe, he said, is at the mercy of its crazy rulers. He was supported in this alarming view by Dr. Champonière, eminent as a cranial specialist, who told the criminologists present that to him it was appalling to think that the real mental level of those people who have inherited or achieved political or other prominence is at a very low standard.

In the course of a retrospective glance by another distinguished authority on criminal instinct, allusion was made to the late Napoleon III. and to Ludwig of Bavaria, both of whom, he asserted, were hopeless madmen. If half we read about the French Emperor be true we must conclude that the case has been proved against him. Zola, in his "Débâcle," adduces evidence in this direction which is irresistible. His behaviour on the field of battle was clearly not that of a sane man, if the testimony of the great French novelist is in any measure to be relied upon; and who that saw the sad-eyed, melancholy, timid Napoleon mooning along Regent Street on a sunny summer's afternoon could fail to recognise him as a man with a mind diseased?

As to the "Mad" King of Bavaria, he performed such antics before high heaven as to leave no doubt as to his mental condition. The Bavarians, by whom, with all his faults, he was beloved, tell many stories of his mad exploits. He delighted, for instance, to ride through the wildest portions of his territory at break-neck speed on a coal-black charger at the dead of night, imagining himself the while a knight of old. He built himself one of the grandest opera-houses in the world, wherein he ordered performances of Wagner's masterpieces at which he was the sole auditor. His extravagance was appalling. His long-suffering subjects murmured. But they paid, and so the unhappy monarch pursued his wild career, until the fateful day upon which he drowned himself in a lake in the midst of one of his many beautiful gardens.

Dr. Champonière threw an oratorical bomb into the arena when he denounced the late President Felix Faure, Cecil Rhodes, and Emile Ollivier as men of unsound mind. Perhaps the sensational doctor adopts the standpoint that all men who differ politically from him must be insane. Most people regard President Roosevelt as compos mentis. Not so the Criminologist Congressmen. They declared him mad. And what think ye they stated in proof of their assertion? Why, that he is descended from a Franco-German Hebrew family, who emigrated to Holland. And this way madness lies.

His Lordship's Shoes.

LORD NORBURY, while on circuit, being attacked with a fit of the gout, sent to the Solicitor-General to request the loan of a pair of slippers. "Take them," said the Solicitor to his servant, "with my respects, as I hope soon to be in his lordship's shoes."

Sawney Beane,

The Scottish Robber, Murderer, and Cannibal.

"A Legend of Scotland, look you; but in Scotch legends there is ever a wee particle of truth; for few Scotchmen can falsify the eternal verities as you Englishmen can!"

—BLAIR, "A Scotia Story."

HISTORY contains no parallel to the frightful series of murders that were committed by one Sawney Beane, in the reign of King James the Sixth, before that monarch came to the throne of England by the demise of Queen Elizabeth. In England, Sweeney Todd had no existence but a legendary one, but the Sawney Beane of Scotland actually lived, and his history has been handed down to us and the facts concerning his extraordinary career established beyond a shadow of doubt or question. The narrative presents such a picture of human barbarity that, were it not attested by the most unquestionable historical evidence, it would be rejected as altogether fabulous and incredible.

This monstrous man flourished—if the word can be used in such a connection—in the reign of King James the Sixth, and was born in the county of East Lothian, about eight miles eastward of the city of Edinburgh. His father was a hedger and ditcher, and brought up his son to the same laborious pursuit. But Sawney Beane wearied of his native place and the penury in which his parents lived, and decided at an early age to seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Going farther into the country, he adopted a most villainous and abandoned kind of life, practising all sorts of abominations and throwing to the winds any of the restraints of such civilisation as existed in the sixteenth century.

Since evil will always contrive to link itself with evil, Sawney soon succeeded in finding a companion as idle and profligate as himself in the shape of a young woman, named McLeland, who even at thirteen could only have been described as a maiden "by courtesy." She was a sort of Scottish Messalina, and urged her delightful spouse on to fresh exertions on the pathway to ruin and disgrace. Sawney married this very suitable specimen of the tender sex, and, wishing to live like the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin, they took up their abode in the deserts of Galloway, and eventually found a habitation in a cave by the sea on that coast. The place which the amiable couple selected for their dwelling was a hollow in the rock of about a mile in length and of considerable breadth. It was so close to the sea that the tide often penetrated into the cave about two hundred yards, at which times Sawney and his wife kept to the other and dryer end. The entry to this chasm had many intricate windings and turnings which led to the extremity of the subterraneous dwelling, which was literally the "abode of hidden horror."

In this place Beane and his wife took refuge, and commenced a system of depredation which has no parallel in the history of crime. To prevent the possibility of detection, they murdered every person whom they wished to rob, and, destitute of any means of providing themselves with ordinary food, they decided to learn to live upon the human flesh of their victims. Accordingly, when they had killed any stray wayfarers whom ill-fortune threw in their road, they carried them to their charnel-house, quartered them, salted and pickled the limbs, and dried them for food. People disappeared in the most unaccountable way throughout the years that the cave-dwellers were allowed by Providence to exist, and the country thereabouts was so wild, so solitary, and so remote that very few inquiries appear to have been made into the causes of these vanishings. That some secret gang of ferocious outlaws existed in their midst was believed by all the inhabitants of that part of Scotland, and formed the subject of many a midnight tale in the long and dreary evenings. But the authorities do not seem to have seriously taken the matter up, and men, women, and children continued to disappear until, at last, the whole bleak and bare county of Galloway was in a state of dread and terror.

Sawney Beane, at this stage, did not hesitate to attack even armed parties of men. At one time he had to be contented with the murder of a single traveller, but as his progeny increased, grew strong, and became inured to his own mode of life, he was able to successfully embark on more ambitious enterprizes. When at last these marauders were disbanded, their numbers consisted of no less than forty-six persons, men, women, and children, all the outcome of incestuous living!

Numerous as they had become, so great was the roll of their vicitms that they often had a superfluity of their horrid food, and they would, at a distance from their own den, throw by night into the sea the dried legs and arms of human bodies for which they had no room or no use. These horrible witnesses to inhuman crime were often thrown up on to the shore by the tide and picked up by the villagers living round about, to the great consternation and dismay of the whole countryside. Nor could any discover what had befallen the many friends, relations, and neighbours who had, unfortunately, fallen into the hands of these appalling fiends in human guise. Rumours referring to wild-looking men having been observed at different times were spread and generally credited, and in that superstitious age the rapidity with which these shapes would vanish—swallowed, as it were, by the earth—was set down to some supernatural agency. As a matter of fact, every member of the murderous gang was perfectly well acquainted with all the various hiding-places and caverns on that inhospitable coast, and thus was able to disappear at will and to remain hidden until night came and all danger was past.

In proportion as this bestial family increased every one that was able acted his part in the assassinations. They would often hazard a combined attack on four or even six men on foot, but never more than two upon horseback, fearful that a third man might get away and give the alarm. To prevent their victims escaping they would lie in ambush in every direction, so that, if they escaped those who began the attack, they might be assailed with renewed fury by a second or third party and their fell purpose completed.

It has been handed down to us that on one occasion Sawney and two of the most powerful of his sons waylaid two shepherds, who were proceeding to a neighbouring town. The murderers crept up stealthily behind them through the mist, and entered into conversation with them respecting the disappearances of travellers. At a given signal one of the ruffians struck at the foremost shepherd with a heavy stone, felling him to the ground. The other, however, courageously came to the assistance of his comrade, and wielded a claymore he was carrying so well as to stretch one of the villains dead at his feet. Others of the band came to their leader's aid, and the two shepherds were ultimately borne down by weight of numbers and both were killed with the most fearful barbarities.

At length, however, the inhabitants of the country began to bestir themselves, and all the woods and lurking places were carefully searched by properly equipped and organised bodies of men. These often passed by the mouth of the cavern, but it was never once suspected that any human being resided in its dark recesses. Many persons were taken up on suspicion of being concerned in the outrages, and innkeepers were, in particular, subjected to the strictest surveillance, owing to some missing person having last been seen at their house. Meanwhile, the country rapidly became depopulated, and the whole nation was surprised how such numerous and unheard-of atrocities could be perpetrated without the least clue coming to light as to the abominable actors. At length, Providence intervened in the following manner, and brought the careers of these blood-stained and incestuous wretches to an end.

One evening a man and his wife were returning home from a fair which had been held in the vicinity. They were riding, as was then and for some time afterwards the custom, upon the same horse, and their way led them across a dark and desolate moor close to the sea. Suddenly, out of the gathering gloom sprang half a dozen miscreants, armed with bludgeons and knives, and commenced a tremendous attack on the travellers. The man defended himself with the utmost resolution, and struck down several of his cowardly assailants, but, meanwhile, his wife was dragged from behind him by others of the gang, who carried

her to a spot a little distance away and there murdered her. Half a dozen knives were plunged into her body, and her entrails taken out before her husband's eyes. Seized with grief, horror, and rage, the unfortunate man redoubled his efforts to escape, and fought with the utmost desperation, trampling down several of his cowardly foes beneath his horse's feet. At this moment there came in sight a cavalcade of persons, numbering at least twenty-five, who were returning from the same fair, and had agreed to keep together for mutual defence and preservation. Seeing the approach of this party, Sawney and his bloodthirsty crew abandoned the attack and sought refuge in a thick wood, from which they were able to proceed unmolested to their cave.

This man, who was the first that had ever escaped out of their hands, related to his neighbours what had occurred and showed them the torn and mangled body of his wife, which lay at a distance, the murderers not having had time to take it along with them. They were struck dumb with astonishment and horror, and afterwards decided to take the poor man to Glasgow and report the whole adventure to the chief magistrate of that city. This was accordingly done, and the latter at once wrote to the King, informing his Majesty of the matter.

In a few days the King himself, accompanied by no less than four hundred armed men, went in search of the desperadoes, being determined that, at whatever loss, the gang should be captured. The man who had his wife killed before his eyes acted as guide, and with the force of men were several trained bloodhounds, so that no possible means might be left unattempted to discover the haunt of these execrable villains.

They searched the woods, the moors and the glades with which Galloway still abounds, and traversed and carefully examined all likely spots on the seashore, but, though the small army actually passed by the narrow entrance to Sawney's cave, no one suggested that it should be entered. Fortunately, however, some of the dogs rushed into the dark and dismal cavity, and their howlings convinced the leaders of the band that they had found their quarry. The King and his men returned to the spot, but could scarcely conceive how any human being could reside in a place of utter darkness and where the entrance was so difficult and narrow, but, as the hounds increased in their vociferations and refused to return, it occurred to all that the cave ought to be explored to its extremity. Accordingly, torches were provided and lit, and the dogs were permitted to follow wherever the scent might lead them. A great number of men also penetrated through all the intricacies of the path, and at length arrived at the private abode of the horrible cannibals.

The spectacle revealed to them was an astounding one. Legs, arms, hands, thighs, and feet of men, women, and children were suspended in rows like drief beef. Some limbs and other members were soaked in pickle, while a great mass of money, watches, rings, pistols, cloths, both woollen and linen, with an innumerable quantity of other articles, were either thrown together in heaps or suspended upon the sides of the cave.

The whole abominable family were seized, after a slight resistance, and the human flesh buried in the sand of the seashore. The immense booty was carried away, and the King and his following marched to Edinburgh with the prisoners, who resembled wild beasts in appearance rather than human beings, and created the utmost consternation in every town and village they passed through. The inhabitants flocked from all quarters to see the progress of this unnatural and degraded family to the capital, and the deepest detestation was expressed for them on all sides.

ARRIVED AT THE PRIVATE ABODE OF THE HORRIBLE CANNIBALS.

The enormity of their crimes dictated the severity of their death, and propriety forbids that I should mention here the full extent of their sufferings. I leave my readers to conjecture the nature of the punishment I refer to when I say that certain portions of the bodies of the men were cut off and thrown into one of the huge fires prepared for the burning of the women. The males then had their hands and legs cut off, and they were left to bleed to death. The women were witnesses to this revolting torture, and were then themselves cast into three huge fires and consumed to ashes. Nor did they, in general, display the least sign of repentance or regret, but continued, with their latest breath, to pour forth the most dreadful curses and imprecations upon all around and upon all humanity. Such was the terrible end of the cave-dwellers of Galloway.

"FOUND DROWNED."

Some Thrilling Thames Tragedies.

WHO shall say how many remorseful criminals have sought and found relief from the tortures of their guilt-laden consciences in the waters of the world's most famous stream—the River Thames? How many victims of unbridled passion have sought and found death in its bosom? Old Father Thames has been, is, and will be until the end of time, the repository of many a dark secret never to be revealed until all graves give up their dead. The lunatic arch-fiend, "Jack the Ripper," so the story goes, was found drowned in "the pool" off Greenwich. Whether or not there be truth in that story, it can only be regarded as one of a thousand mysteries swept beyond the possibility of solution on this side of eternity.

The police records inform us that on an average a hundred and fifty persons are "found drowned"—oh, the pathos which underlies those two words!—in the Thames every year. These drenched human documents include all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the prosperous business man to the veriest drab of the gutter, who, having looked that "daring last look of despairing," immortalised by Tom Hood, have gone to their death beneath its murky waters.

The romances surrounding the unhappy wretches "found drowned" are mostly squalid, and always painful. But they never fail to justify the time-worn aphorism that truth is stranger than fiction. How tragically romantic, for example, is the story of the Thames policeman who a little while ago just failed to rescue his errant daughter from a suicide's grave.

"In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The swift river ran."

The father who had yearned to look upon her face once more plunged in boldly, too, little dreaming whom he sought to snatch from the jaws of death. The night was moonless. The body of the drowned girl was rowed in silence to Waterloo Pier. There, among the mocking lights, half a glance revealed the truth to the brave constable. Says the reporter, the man reeled and fell unconscious to the ground, and well he might. It was said that he had a haunting presentiment that he and his misguided child would meet again thus. The sequel of the story is of the old melancholy kind. The once smart constable returned to consciousness only to reveal to his relatives and friends that his reason had forsaken him, and left him in the most terrible of all solitudes. An irresistible fascination drew him to the riverside, where he seemed to be vainly searching for that—

"One more unfortunate,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

The poor fellow died a raving maniac in Bedlam.

A tragedy of quite another kind was that which resulted from a young Etonian pulling up outside a London police station to read a "Dead Body Found" notice. With growing horror he read the document through, to discover that his favourite brother had been taken from the Thames lifeless. The dead man was supposed by his family to be spending his vacation on the Continent. The shock received by the young collegian threatened his sanity for many weeks. The most exhaustive investigation set on foot by the friends of the man "found drowned" failed to elicit any explanation of the circumstances under which the deceased came by his death.

Among the river mysteries which remain unravelled even to this hour is that woven round the personality of a beautiful woman whose half-clad body was taken out of the Thames one snowy Christmas Eve a few years ago. Her underclothing was of the daintiest kind, and it was marked with a coronet. Beyond this there was nothing to announce the identity of the poor drowned corpse. The usual description of the body which lay in the riverside mortuary was industriously circulated by the police. Within a few hours the little dead-house was visited by two ladies, unmistakably belonging to the foremost ten thousand in society. They looked upon the dead, unmoved to all outward appearance. But the coroner's officer, who was present during the melancholy interview, had his own private opinion on the question of recognition, when one of the two noble dames handed him a couple of notes on the Bank of England for considerable amounts, with the request that "the poor unknown should have the benefit of a decent burial." The escutcheon of the De Veres must not be sullied by such sordid tragedies as this, and it was not, for the beautiful corpse was lowered into a nameless grave.

Here is a "found drowned" story, which it would puzzle the most ingenious of our novelists to outvie in dramatic interest. Not so very long ago a Lambeth mechanic who possessed an inventive brain of a very high order overworked himself and was compelled to take to his bed. The illness proved to be protracted and tedious. The faithful wife kept the place going. But how? It was the answer to that question which brought about a fourfold tragedy. Whilst he was lying hovering between life and death the woman had disposed of her husband's patents. She told him that if he had a thousand patents and there was a fortune in each of them she would have sold them all rather than part with him.

The newly-risen invalid smiled sadly upon his too-devoted consort, and strolled in a dazed sort of way into the street. An hour later she learned that he had taken the last leap from Lambeth Bridge, and was at that moment lying dead in the adjacent mortuary. The clock had not chimed the quarter after her discovery when the woman's lifeless corpse was found floating down the stream near Vauxhall Bridge. Husband and wife were buried in the same grave at the same moment. They had not lain in the earth a week ere their two daughters, two well-behaved, promising young women, were "found drowned" near the Thames Embankment, from which they had jumped to death.

Yet another tragedy, and we will close our brief sketch. One of the mostly highly respected among the tradesmen in the East End of London fell upon evil times. In his most hopeless moments he frequently threatened to end it all, by laying violent hands upon himself. The wife succeeded in dissuading him from his purpose. There came a day, however, when she found a letter written by the broken man in which he announced that his body would be found in the Thames. An hour or so later a constable informed her that a man bearing the name of her husband lay dead in the riverside mortuary. Fearful of facing the ordeal of identification alone she called upon her daughter-in-law, imploring her to accompany her to the dreaded scene. The younger woman entered the little house of death first. She had hardly crossed the threshold when a piercing shriek rent the silence of the grim charnel house. The dead man on the ambulance was her own husband! Did space permit, we could add many to these typical examples of the tragic circumstances which environ those "found drowned."

The Saddler of Bawtry.

IT was formerly the custom to present a bowl of ale to malefactors on their way to execution. The county of York, which strongly adhered to its ancient usages, was the last place where this custom continued. A saddler of Bawtry lost his life in consequence of declining the refreshment; as, had he stopped, as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived in time enough to have saved him. Hence arose the saying that the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale.

He Meant It.

ON a recent occasion a Jew, of the most pronounced Hebraic type, was fined rather heavily for employing young girls on his premises for a longer period each day, or night, than the law, good luck to it, allows.

He had the Yiddish ruling passion—an absolute devotion to the "monish"—though it must be gladly admitted that there are very many honourable exceptions to this rule.

"Vat!" he exclaimed, in holy horror, "fined twenty quid? Twenty good, golden quid? Oh, jumpin' Mothes! I say, your honour, can't you—can't you, ma tear judge—can't you—'ang me instead?"

And for the minute, at least, he meant it.

THE TALE OF
Tapping's Tragedy

"O Jealousy!
Thou spectre of the mind
To drive men mad."
—SELBORNE, "Village Tragedy."

IMAGINE the interior of one of the low dancing saloons which abounded in the East End of London in the early part of last century. The dirty walls, reeking with the smoke from the flaring oil lamps and dripping with the moisture condensed from the breath of the perspiring crowd which throngs the place; the floor littered with scraps of paper, fragments of bad cigars, and the ashes of clay pipes; the tawdry decorations, composed mostly of tinsel and coloured paper; all are offensive to the refined mind; but how much more horrid are the frequenters of the booth! The smirking costers and pot-boys, with their hair plastered down over their foreheads, with suet or any other substitute for bear's grease, and their partners, the bedizened drabs of the pavement and the gaudily-decked belles of the slums, form a study in low type, but a study that can only be tolerated by those with strong stomachs. Bill pauses in the midst of an amorous embrace to spit on the floor, while 'Liza is not above openly hunting for the insect known as pulex irritans with an abandon which is only equalled by the inhabitants of the monkey-house at the Zoo. The dancing is riotous, the language offensive, and the customs of the merry-makers only bear description in their decenter moments, for licentiousness is the order of the day—or rather, the disorder of the night. Liquor and tobacco smoke, oaths and ribaldry, discord and debauchery are everywhere, and yet in such a setting there is found love and its concomitant jealousy.

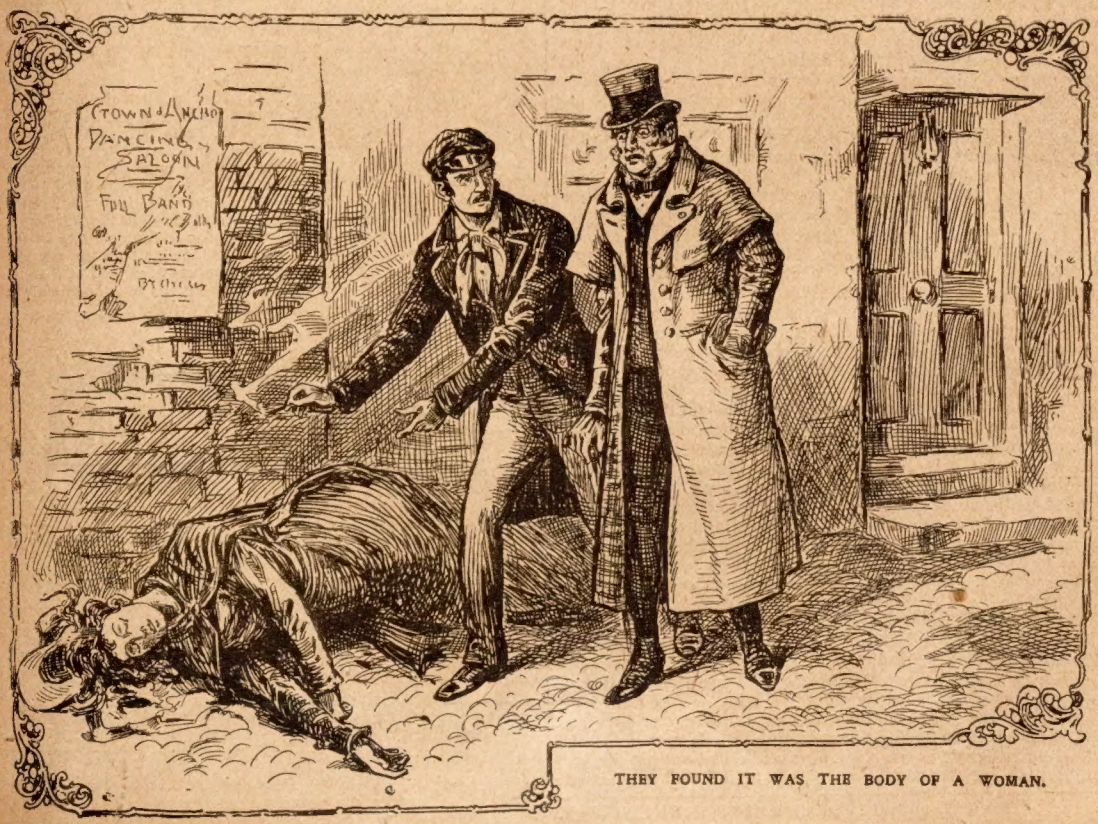
It is in a place such as this that the present story opens. On the night of the 20th of January, 1845, in the midst of the motley throng in a dancing saloon attached to the Crown and Anchor, Waterloo Town, might be noticed a tall, well-built young fellow about twenty-two years of age. His dress showed that he was rather better off than the other occupants of the room, and he was rarely heard to indulge in the coarse jokes which delighted the others. His name was James Tapping, and he was one of the Bethnal Green weavers. By his side sat a brilliant brunette, with whom he was obviously in love, and the few who knew her pointed her out as Emma Whiter, the future Mrs. Tapping. James had been courting her for a couple of years, and local gossip had it that the pair would soon be married.

In the Crown and Anchor the ladies paid their addresses to the men, reversing the order of higher society, and it was but natural that Tapping should have a large share of admirers. This annoyed Emma, and, to bring her lover to his knees, she commenced to flirt violently with some of the other young gallants. Thus James became angry with her, while she was jealous of him. At the close of the evening a terrible quarrel took place between the couple, and they parted, a man named Capes offering to see Miss Whiter to her door.

When Capes and his charge had got about half-way to the girl's home Tapping suddenly appeared and hit his sweetheart a violent blow in the face. Capes interfered, saying that if Tapping wished to hit anybody he might hit him.

"I will not strike you, you brute!" shouted Tapping, and he dealt a second blow at Emma, knocking off her bonnet. This Capes picked up, and then, bidding the couple to kiss and make friends—for blows count little in the East End of London—he went off.

He did not see Tapping till about half-past one on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th of January, when he met him accidentally. James seemed out of his mind and very much



THEY FOUND IT WAS THE BODY OF A WOMAN.

disturbed about something. His speech was wild, and he remarked to Capes: "Tom, you have been the cause of the whole of this destruction." Then, turning to another man named Bunn who had followed him and joined the party, he added: "The stars give light and the moon shines bright." Capes thought that Tapping was mad, and was not sorry when Bunn said good night and took James off to have some supper.

It was about a quarter to one on the morning of the 28th of January that Thomas Auvache was returning home from an evening spent at his favourite public-house, when he noticed something lying on the path in South Conduit Street, Bethnal Green Road. He pointed out the dark mass to his companion, a schoolmaster, and the two went to investigate. Their horror can be imagined when they found that it was the body of a woman, lying on the pavement, with her head against a brick wall, and with one of her bonnet strings smouldering. The female was still alive, and by the feeble light it could be seen that her face was covered with blood. Auvache sent off for the police, and the poor creature was removed on a shutter to the London Hospital, but she died before reaching that institution. Later it was discovered that the body was that of Emma Whiter.

In a populous district like Bethnal Green news spreads very rapidly even in the small hours of the morning, and the people were soon out of their houses, discussing the terrible tragedy which had apparently taken place in their midst. The police were all alive, and inquiries were made everywhere as to who had last been seen in the company of the deceased. Close to the body a pistol was found, and also a pair of clogs or pattens, and about four houses from the scene of the murder a Mr. Slater met the police and told them that he had seen a weaver named Tapping walking with Emma Whiter shortly after midnight, while he was standing smoking at the door of his house, which was just round the corner from the spot where the tragedy had taken place. When the deceased and Tapping had passed he went to bed, and about ten minutes later heard the report of firearms. He rushed to the window at the back of his house, but could see nothing, and then he went to the front door, but again could not see anybody about, so he determined to return to bed. The outcry after half-past one had brought him out of bed again.

That clue seemed to point to Tapping as the murderer, and the police set to work to find him. They learnt that he had gone into the Rising Sun public-house a little after one o'clock, and there met a dozen people in the bar, one of whom was his brother Henry. He appeared very excited and sat on the corner of the table by himself for some minutes. Then he said to his brother: "The deed is done, and it cannot be undone." Henry Tapping made no remark. James then left the tavern, and outside met Capes, to whom he spoke, as we know. After that he went off with Bunn to have supper, but when the couple reached Bunn's door, Tapping said that he did not want to have supper, and would go and see his little brothers and sisters, whom he supported. Bunn went with him to his house, but left shortly afterwards. Tapping was then sitting with his head resting on the back of a chair.

Feeling a little uneasy, Bunn returned to Tapping's home and found Whiter's father there. Mr. Whiter asked Tapping, "Where is my daughter?" Tapping replied that he had not seen her for several days. A little later he said that he had been with her that evening, but had left her well and hearty at the corner of Mape Street, having walked that far with her after leaving a little tavern kept by her brother. This made Whiter suspicious, and he left Tapping's to go home and see what had become of Emma. In the street, however, he learnt of his daughter's death, and then told the police where to find Tapping, and accompanied Constable Johnson to the house, where James was arrested.

An inquest was held, and it was shown that Emma Whiter had been shot in the back of the neck, with a pistol loaded with two bullets, and discharged so close to her head that the whole of the skin was blackened and the strings of her bonnet set on fire. A gunsmith swore that he had mended the pistol produced for, and also sold bullets to, James Tapping on the previous Saturday, the accused saying that he intended to have a shooting match with Dick Bunn. On this evidence Tapping was committed for trial, and on the 6th of March, 1845, placed at the bar of the Central Criminal Court to plead to the indictment.

The story was told to the jury as we have given it above, and one or two other little points adduced which served to strengthen the case. For instance, the prisoner had an apron on when arrested, and on it were found spots of blood, which he accounted for by saying that he had cut his finger. On examining the cut it was seen that it had been healed for some time, whereas the blood stains were fresh. Again it was shown that on Tapping's right hand was a bruise such as would be produced by a pistol that recoiled very violently, and experiments with the pistol picked up on the scene of the murder showed that it kicked tremendously and bruised the hand badly.

Judge Parke summed up against the prisoner, and the jury found him guilty. Sentence of death was then pronounced.

Before his execution on March 24, James Tapping confessed that he had shot Emma Whiter because he was afraid that she was falling in love with Capes. He swore that he loved her above everything else, and could not bear the thought of her marrying any other man. Capes, who interviewed the condemned man, assured him that he had only spoken to Emma Whiter a few times in his life, and had not seen her since the night of the dance at the Crown and Anchor, but the convict persisted in his statement that the dead woman was in love with another.

While awaiting execution Tapping showed evident signs of his mind being weak, and in the present day he would have escaped the last penalty of the law; as it was, he was duly hanged outside Newgate Prison.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

A Miserly Pair.

A FARMER, named James Murphy, and his sister Mary were found dead during the year 1892 in their house at Tullyvullen, in county Armagh, and the medical evidence established the fact that they had literally starved themselves to death, not a scrap of food having been eaten by either of them for some days.

Yet when the house was searched after the discovery of the bodies, deposit receipts for seven thousand pounds were found, and it was ascertained that the miserly couple also owned a fair amount of landed property.

An Old Vienna Crime.

No woman has been hanged in Austria since the year 1808. The culprit of that year was a woman of rare beauty, the daughter of a shoemaker in Vienna. She wished to marry a soldier of whom she was enamoured; but her father refused his consent to the match, and compelled her to marry a well-to-do merchant. They had only been united a year when the young woman murdered her husband, packed his body in a large basket, and, aided by a disguise, carried this ghastly burden on her shoulders through the streets and out through one of the gates of the fortified wall. Some distance outside the city was a marsh, and into this she threw the remains. She then returned to Vienna and joined her soldier-lover; but the crime was discovered and the murderess suffered death.

Replies to Queries

DECO.—The murderer of the Darbys was hanged in the spring of 1903. In a future issue we shall give an account of his crime, and you will then have all the dates connected with the case.

CONSTANT READER.—Thank you for your suggestion. Had you really been a constant reader you would have known that we gave an extended account of the Phœnix Park Murders in numbers 40, 41 and 42, which you can obtain from the publisher, or through your newsagent.

INQUISITIVE.—In the portrait of Peace the mark you inquire about is merely one made on the "Official Photograph" to draw attention to that particular hand for purposes of identification. (2) Tyburn was situated close to the Marble Arch, at a spot some twenty yards to the west of the arch, now covered by a lavatory. An iron plate on the railings marks the site.

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